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Choice Poetry.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

[The following beautiful lines from the Dublin University Magazine, will remind many of the last scene in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress":]

Time is ever deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We cannot bend once o'er its tide
But some one sails away.

Sails away, sails away, sails away,
Sails away from the world away;
Who can tell what calls away,
Who can tell what calls away?

We seem to glad our longing eyes!
The boat is gone, and him like a mystery hides
To their mortal vision, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

The bird from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it rise,
Their veil, tinctured for mortal sight,
With gold and purple varying dyes
Reflected from its glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Stray sometimes from this viewless sphere.
The memory feels their breath of balm,
And mortal sorrow dries the tear.
Beyond the river.

Then our loved ones come to their rest;
They've entered Canaan's resting shore;
They tread the holiness on its breast,
Nor feel the sorrows they've borne before.
But there pure love can live, can last—
They look for us as their home is near;
When we in turn shall have passed
What perfect greetings we shall have
Beyond the river.

Selected Sketch.

TABLE-TURNING IN CHINA.

Not the revolution. "That is a thing we have given up. When they do raise an end of it, one way or other, we shall be very glad to take the utmost we can get; and we shall not trouble our best on at the genus say longer. If the Chinese are destined to turn the tables on the Tartars, as much the better; but we will have no do with at present, is the turning of the Celestial intellect—metaphysical, theological, and political parties, or to anything else. Modern writers, by way of accounting for their dullness, explain that the world is worn out, and that the best ideas from them; and although modern philosophers are wise in their own conceit, they confess to regards themselves, they cannot hold out against period. Here by one, our new discoveries, and original inventions are found to be thousands of years old. Telescopes must have been discovered by the ancients of the world, or its astronomy could not have existed." Alexander's copy of the Iliad enclosed in a sail shell, could not have been more valuable to the old Greeks than a pocket-book filled with the first of the Hansard Debates, or a file of the Times is to the Chinese. Nothing else than an opera-glass; steam, railways, mesmerism, lithography, all were familiar to the long-lost genius described in the old geography was an object of ancient Peruvian trade. And Hiddle borrowed his luck from the tombs of Egypt. And we have much to do still in the way of re-discovery. The nasticality of glass, for instance—the indelibility of colors—and fifty other things of importance, dropped by the ancients into the stream of time, we have to find up anew.

The last "original" things with us are Table-turning and Spirit-rapping, which have been known in China at least from the days of Lao-tse, and he was not the first. When Confucius was a youth—between five and six centuries before the Christian era. In the last file of the North China Herald, there is an account by Dr. Macgowan of the existing temple; and from this it appears that the spirit-rapping is not founded different in the Flowery Land from what is practised with us. The Herald says that the "Taou" priests first place a couple of chopsticks at right angles across a mortar, or bowl filled with sand or ashes upon them, the table turned upside down. Four children are then called in, and to each a leg is assigned, on which one hand is gently laid, while the other seizes the free hand of a companion—the circle is complete. Nothing now remains to be done but the reading of an incantation by the "medium," which may be thus rendered:

Heaven! Extreme Heaven (or power,
Earth! Lowest earth (or power),
Lord (or Lady) of the Three (or Five or Nine or all)!
Eight great dragons! come to the right.

If you fail, I'll call Yellow Lad, Duke of Space, to bring his arrow-whip in flaying you (or you scamper right and left.

Soon the table begins to leave with emotion, and then becomes gradually quicker, until it sets off with increasing velocity, until whirl off of the axis.

The dentist, however, being a scientific man, was not to be alarmed by the mere poetical facts of the ceremony; and he therefore set up by the experiment without having recourse to either right great dragon or left green dragon. He called in some little boys from the street, and directing them to rest their hands gently on the legs of a table which was well stripped of its cloth to make public a revelation he received from the spirits of his own dead children, and the spirit of the throne of the empire. Three or the invocating party have been rehearsed, and Mr. L. Hyde Allen, of Salem, and he commenced the process of becoming one of the Kwei himself.

In each successive trial, however, the their hands on the table, sometimes invoke the ghosts of particular persons. In Morison's Dictionary, it is recorded that in the year 1814, a deposed officer of government was condemned to death for a political offence; and the execution was carried in the way from the spirit or Confucius. The crime does not seem, according to the laws of China, to be of so serious a character, the enemy merely recommending that the Emperor should mercifully "let him off with the punishment of the meanest of his ancestors; and that the title of Emperor should be taken from the Imperial Kwei-fi. These facts, it is evident, were considered to involve the most daring impiety.

The only portion of the above relations that has any mystery for us, instructed as we now are by the experiments of Mr. Allen, is that in which the Kwei-fi is said to have appeared. A pupil of mine might write, just as he does with us—or rather did—unconscious of the hand he was directed. He might be in a trance; but how two individuals, taken suddenly from the midst of their own concerns, to the end of two small wine cups inverted, and separated a few inches, could be induced as tests for the code of a clairvoyant, on which a rod is balanced, which could be moved by mediums" now asks—if he so-and-so, or myself, is to be recognised as the party, hand twice; if otherwise, knock three times"—whereupon a one-and-twenty of the rod strikes three, until she read strikes or the "rage" the table either twice or thrice." The Fan-kwae Kwei-fi, it appears, never fails to answer in this way—for the ancient rage like table; but other the spirit has no extraordinary powers, or no great reliance is placed on her veracity, for the prediction is never turned to any practical account.

But although Miss Fidelia's ring table sometimes, this is never the case with the manifestations of the Kwei-fi, ghosts or demons, which are made in writing, and in a much more curious way than the modern messages it is the West. Such communications, we have stated above, may be at least as old as Lao-tse; but in point of fact, the invocation of spirits was resolved in his time, and he is supposed to have endeavored to bring the world to a purer system. His writings, however, are so obscure, that his followers gave them all sorts of wild and extravagant meanings, and the consequence was that the doctrines of the Tsou, or pure system, was converted into the very gospel of demon-worship. The Taoistic literature grew into the most extraordinary chaos of the spiritual world, distinguishing gradations of rank, and constantly adding to the invocation of each order of spirits. They became magicians, astrologers, and high chemists. They discovered spiritual books, as authoritative as that of the Mormons, to mountains—and the transmutation of metals, the phenomena of mesmerism, the fortunate islands, the draught of immortality—all in turn studied the imagination of the people, long before these ideas began to damn upon the mind of Europe.

Although Dr. Macgowan, however, takes no notice of the history of Spiritual Manifestations in China, we are indebted to him for an account of the way in which the more important of them—those delivered in writing by the agency of the Kwei—are managed. The table is sprinkled equally with bean, flour, dust or other powder, and the "medium" places his two pointe sides, with their heads pleased upon the table. A hemispherical bowl, or, of about eight inches diameter, such as is commonly used for washing rice, is now reversed, and laid down with its edges resting upon the two ends of the two fingers of the two media. This basket is to act as the pendulum; and a rood or style is balanced on the rim, or, as a pendulum thread through the interstices, with the point touching the powdered table. This, from the earliest time, has been duly invoked with religious ceremonies, and the spectators stand round watching the result in awe-struck silence. The result is not uncome. Sometimes the style is mischievously inclined, and the pen—for it is always so—will make either a few nonsense scrawls, or a few dots or lines, or communications that are without meaning; or with a meaning that is unintelligible. This, however, is comparatively rare. In general, the words traced are arranged in the best form of composition, and they are sometimes of the highest order of excellence, after a short period, was explained by the amount of mischief occasioned to those who meddled, or too careless. This, however, comes from Hades, and by the compilant, that table communications are received from this source by divination. More recently, a club of literary graduates were in the habit of assembling in the Peach Blossom Temple, to wear the wise people of Confucius, for practising the K'i, as the ancients called it, in spite of the prohibition of the whole table is covered with the ghostly message.

The communications received in China from Hades are always curious, but in no other way satisfactory. "Soon after our arrival in Ningpo, in 1843, one of the missionaries received a letter, in a wonderful impulse was suddenly given to the brush, that it could only be ascribed to the presence of an epidemic. There was scarcely a house in which it was not practised for a time, and in which it was not followed by the arrival of an old custom not generally observed, which was, in consequence, laid to the account of the operators. These operators are said to have been unconscious of the writing produced by their hands. Sometimes, by the exercise of strong will, they are able to prevent the pencil from moving; but, generally, they are under the influence of the spirit, and, in spite of themselves, write characters which they cannot read, and are original inventions of which they have no knowledge. Sometimes they are unable to write, sometimes they are mischievously inclined, and the pen—for it always moves

...might the better enjoy the scene about to commence.

A herald, in a blue tunic, blew his trumpet at the northern extremity of the area, proclaiming the lists open, and the tournament about to commence. At the east gate, another herald, in a yellow tunic, repeated the proclamation, and at the west, another, in red, reiterated it. These officials were termed, by the uninitiated crowd, "the red boy," "the yellow boy," and "the blue boy." A goodly number of competitors, in fancy dresses and mock-armor, were congregated at the eastern gate. The "blue boy," in a sonorous voice, proclaimed their names and titles. The characters assumed for the occasion were—alas for modesty and veneration!—the very greatest heroes of the middle ages; among them, "Richard Coeur-de-Lion," "the Black Prince," "Harry, of England," (Henry V.) "Hotspur," "Sir William Wallace," etc. There were also some of a more comic character, (it was *all* comic enough) there were Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, Sir Hudibras, etc. But the name of the *first* competitor was about to be proclaimed, and a dead silence ensued.

"The Knight of Malta!" shouted the herald from the north, whose voice was unluckily very thick.

"The Knight of the *Altar!*" repeated the east herald, whose ears were no better than the other's voice, and,

"The Knight of the—Halter!" vociferated the west herald, who was too far off to hear well.

"Oh! that is too funny! Poor Lapwing! How she would enjoy that!" said Mrs. Waugh.

But just then the Knight of the "Halter" dashed forward on the road, with his lance balanced lightly in his right hand—and without pausing or slackening his speed in the least, sped through the area, and bore off the ring! The band of music struck up a triumphal air, and the spectators gave a shout of congratulation. The successful aspirant turned and rode around the area, and fell into his place. And the ring was restored to its station.

And then the name of another candidate was proclaimed in turn, by the three heralds, and he rode forward. This was a splendid equestrian—but alas, as he sped through the course he only *touched* and did not carry off the ring; and the music kept a dead silence, while he rode back crest-fallen, with his lance trailing by the saddle-bow.

Then came a third candidate who also missed; and then a fourth, who carried off the ring; and a fifth and a sixth, who failed even to touch it; and a seventh and eighth, who bore it off in triumph. And thus, with more or less success, all the candidates who had failed were ruled out from the list of competitors, while those who had succeeded remained for a second trial of skill.

There were but nine competitors in the second course. And this passed off with the like success as the first—that is to say, less than one half the candidates succeeded. Five failed, and had their names stricken off the list. Four remained to try the third course. These were "The Black Prince," "Hotspur," "Don Quixote De La Mancha," and "The Knight of Malta," alias of the "Halter."

With the narrowing down of the number of competitors, the excitement of the actors, as well as of the spectators, arose. On the part of the rivals there was of course more fatigue and less steady coolness than before. Perhaps it was upon this account, that in riding the third course, three of the competitors failed, while only one, "The Knight of Malta," succeeded, thus remaining, as he, and every one else supposed, sole victor of the field!

Not as they knew of however! "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and "oft expectation fails, and *most* oft there where most it promises." For while the victor knight bearing aloft the ring upon the point of his lance was careering around the field, and the ladies were waving handkerchiefs, and casting bouquets in his way, and while the triumphant music was pealing, and the crowd was shouting, and the trumpets blowing, and the heralds vociferating, and the "King at Arms" preparing to proclaim, through his marshals, that the renowned "Knight of Malta" was the victor of the day, and entitled to the honor of crowning the lady of his fealty Queen of Beauty and Love—hark! the winding of a horn, whose piercing notes penetrated through all grosser sounds and announced the advent of a new challenger!

And lo! at the west gate a vision of dazzling splendor! Sun and stars and diamonds, how radiant! It was a young knight, a mere stripling, in what seemed silver plated scale armor that glanced and flashed in the sunlight with blinding radiance—his helmet was encircled by a diadem of what seemed precious stones—diamond, rubies, and emeralds, that sparkled, glowed, and blazed in rays of many colored fire, crested with a snow white plume—his steed was white with housings of white satin, wrought with a deep border of silver lilies, and finished with a deep fringe of silver threads. Light, graceful, aerial, and dazzlingly radiant, was this resplendant vision! All the crowd arose to look, and then turned their half-blinded eyes away.

A herald from the King at Arms demanded his name, lineage, and country.

"Prince Ariel from the Court of Fairy."

His errand at the tournament?

To challenge the victor knight to a trial of a dozen rounds! This was very trying indeed, just in the moment of victory. But by all the gallant and generous usages of chivalry, this challenge must not be refused—besides, the Fairy Prince was such a mere sprite—not likely to conquer in *material* contests. The assembly also, by acclamation, demanded that the challenge should be accepted. And it was accepted. Order was restored. Lots were drawn for the first trial, which fell on the fortunate Knight of Malta.

Once more with lance balanced in his right hand, the knight spurred on his charger towards the arch, and passed under it, carrying off the ring. And while he rode round the area, the crowd shouted, and the music pealed forth as before.

It was now the turn of the Fairy Prince. He was stationed at the west gate. With a swift, smooth, wavy motion, he galloped on, his silver armor glancing in the sun rays, passed under the arch, and carried off the ring. And the music struck up, the crowd applauded, etc.

The Knight of Malta's turn. He dashed on, with lance held as before, and passed under the arch, bearing off the ring, amid the usual peals and plaudits.

And then again the Fairy Prince. He sped onward, like arrow to its aim, swept through the arch, and bore off the prize, amid the acclamations of the impartial multitude, and the thunders of the music.

So far the success was equal, although the Fairy Prince far surpassed the Knight in elegance, and aerial grace of carriage. And this equality of success continued for several more rounds.

At length, however, the Prince seemed to wish to bring the contest to a crisis. And when his turn came round, instead of sweeping onward like a flash of lightning, as he had done before, he set forward in a gentle amble, until he got within a few feet of the arch, when he checked his horse for a flying leap, aimed his lance, and vaulted through, carrying off the ring upon the point, and falling again into the gentle amble, finished the course; then turning on his road he rode back, and in the act of vaulting through the arch, replaced the ring upon the hook, amid deafening thunders of applause!

This was a feat that had not been attempted before. The Knight of Malta thus tacitly challenged to rival this skill, declined the attempt, and in all knightly courtesy yielded the palm to the Fairy Prince as Victor of the Day!

The excitement of the crowd was unprecedented. Every man was up on his feet. Every lady was waving her handkerchief. The band of music went mad, and raved away in a perfect storm of triumph! The heralds nearly split their throats blowing the trumpets. And the King at Arms, and all his marshals, vociferated themselves hoarse, in trying to "conquer a peace."

At length, however, silence was restored.

And then "Prince Ariel, of Fairyland," was announced victor of the day, and entitled to the honor of crowning his liege lady Queen of Beauty and of Love.

But who was the radiant Prince Ariel, and who the lady of his choice? *That* was the question that excited to the utmost the interest of the breathless assembly.

He had received the crown from the King at Arms, and was about to indicate his queen by the act of coronation! What lady would it be?

He now rode around the area bearing the crown in his hand, and, approaching the seats of the spectators, paced along beneath them, his snow-white charger prancing in its spangled white housings, his silver armor flashing in the sun, his diadem of precious stones burning like a circlet of fire around his helmet, his snow-white plume dancing above his closed vizor—Oh, who was the dazzling Fairy Prince?

Reader, have you ever doubted his identity for a single moment?

But lo! he has paused before a group among the spectators. Expectation is on tip-toe! All direct their eyes to that focus! But how is this? It is our rustic party from Luckenough, and there is no fair lady in the group! What can the *Fairy Prince* mean? All eyes are riveted to the spot. And the Commodore and his party don't know what to make of it, at all.—The Commodore's eyes are distended to their widest ability. And the rest of the party exist in breathless expectancy! They have a faint impression that the victor is in search of Jacquelina.

The Fairy Prince now bows before the group, until the snow-white crest sweeps the snow-white housings of the steed; and, placing the crown upon the point of his lance, he raises it and lays it at the feet of—THE COMMODORE! and raising his visor, reveals the golden locks and laughing brow and malicious blue eyes of—our Jacquelina! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Correspondents

DUTIES OF A MAIDEN LADY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It seems that the duties of a maiden lady are as complicated and various as those of a matron at an asylum of orphans. If she reside in the house of her parents, she is expected to perform the labor of half-a-dozen young misses. It is her province to replace everything torn down by others, and to remember the exact place where all household articles have been placed. Any neglect in point of apparel is deemed nearly unpardonable, as she has no children of her own to fix; so it must be sheer negligence if she does not appear every day perfectly neat in costume. She can, as well as not, make and mend for half-a-dozen nephews, cut and make dresses, and do the repairing for as many nieces; do the making and repairing for the neighbors generally, as she has abundance of time. Do any of the married fraternity wish to visit for a month or more, Aunt Mary can, as well as not, come and keep house and take care of the children, which she is expected to do with her face all the while wreathed with the sweetest smiles. Should a shadow flit across her brow, Aunt Mary is at once branded as a sour, calculating old maid, who is cross to children and every one else. Although the mother may scold them by the hour, it is to be expected—she has so many cares. If her parents are dead and gone, all want the honor of taking care of Aunt Mary, and she is pulled about something like the prisoner of an Arab or Indian, though not with quite so much danger to life and limb. It is not expected she can do much, but it would reflect dishonor on the family not to proffer her a home. If she be finally established with some brother or sister, all envy the privileged one the deed of charity they have the honor of dispensing. She is frequently reminded of the privilege she enjoys, which none but the most affectionate relatives would bestow. Every job, which others dislike doing, she is expected to be eminently qualified by nature to perform—to possess untiring filial affection, and true sisterly love. L. E.

Clippings.

☞ A letter from Boulogne to a London paper says: "Some persons in England would have been shocked to have heard, as they might have heard, on Sunday, a polka and variations from 'Robert the Devil' played during High Mass. The Mass was chanted in Latin, and some verses were sung by the men composing the bands."

☞ When the riot in the Crescent City, the other day, was at its height, one of the papers there tells us, one of the Fathers was sought for at a somewhat late hour of night, for the purpose of obtaining an order relative to the riot, and was found two-thirds drunk. In that happy state of obliviousness, the imminency of the danger was strongly represented to him, and his exertions were requested for the suppression of difficulties. The old gentleman bloomed out like a mammoth cactus, and informed the solicitor that "There was no difficulty; only every one go to bed, and nobody would be killed; he had examined carefully; he had drank whiskey with both parties; and more peaceable citizens and b—b—better gentlemen couldn't be found. The shouting was only for fun. If anybody attacks you, ask them to drink, and it'll all be settled. Try it—I did." And from his appearance we should think he had, and found it exceedingly sedative—on himself.

☞ A New York paper has the following: "Those who have been born and brought up here, as well as those in Philadelphia and Baltimore, as a general thing, have more fully developed figures than the Boston ladies, and we presume that there is no doubt but what it is owing to our greater immunity from the east wind."

☞ Telegraphic experiments were recently made at Portsmouth, England, with perfect success, at a mill-dam five hundred feet across, by which, with an operating battery on one side, and the corresponding dial on the other side, a telegraphic message was conveyed through the water, without the aid of connecting wires. An electric wire from each side was submerged, terminating in a plate constructed for the purpose. It is contended that in the same manner a telegraphic message may be conveyed across the British channel, without continuous cables of wire.

☞ A young lady, so Godey says, whose name was Patty, being addressed by a Mr. Cake, accepted him on condition that he would change his name, declaring that she would never consent to be called "*patty-cake*."

☞ The Dutch, when they owned the Spice Islands, in order to keep up prices, allowed only a certain quantity to be sent to market, and burnt all the balance. The coal operators at Pottsville will please make a note of it.

☞ In Boston, good potatoes are selling at from 65 to 70 cts per bushel, and winter apples at $1 50 per barrel. The crops of both are represented, in the New England States, to be nearly, if not quite average yields. In many portions of the great West, the fruit crop is abundant; and we learn that the same statement is true of the interior of this State.

☞ The following incident really occurred at a French Court within the last month: A man was before the Court on a charge of stealing some candles, and the prosecutor was examining witnesses who had bought from him. One of these said: "That though he suspected the candles had been stolen, he bought a sous worth; but that, in order not to encourage robbery, he had paid for them with a bad sous!"

☞ "Zeb," said a chap to his chum, the other day, "seems to me you didn't stay long at Squire Togger's last night." "No," was the reply, "I was sayin' a few pleasant things to the daughter, and the old man came in and gave me a hint to go." "A hint, Zeb, what sort of a hint?" "Why, he gave me my hat, opened the door, and just as he began to raise his cowhide boot, I had a thought that I wasn't wanted, and so I—I took my leave."

☞ An over-the-way neighbor fairly posed us the other night, by asking us the simplest question: "When is a fish crazy?" and assured us it was only when the aforesaid fish was in-seine. We left immediately, and went into our own house, with a bang of the door.

☞ The best joke we have heard for a long time was cracked by a village preacher. He was preaching on a very sultry day in a small room, and was annoyed by those who casually dropped in after the services had commenced, invariably closing the door after them. His patience, at last exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, I believe if I were preaching in a bottle you would put the cork in!"

☞ A dry sort of genius once undertook to name and classify the different sorts of fools in this world, as follows: 1st. The ordinary fool. 2nd. The fool who is one and don't know it. 3rd. The fool who is not satisfied with being a fool in reality, but undertakes, in addition, to play the fool.

☞ The wit of Douglas Jerrold is never so keen as when exercised on juvenile literary presumption. When M. Lamartine's merits were being discussed at a club of artists and authors, "Oh," said a clever young author, "he and I row in the same boat." Douglas Jerrold, who was present, turned round and said, "But not with the same sculls."

☞ The Chinese are said to have labored for centuries under great embarrassment, from not knowing how to make a barrel. They could do everything without any difficulty. They could make the staves, and set them up, and hoop them in; and, indeed, with the help of a man inside, they could put the second head on; but how to get the man out, after the barrel was headed up was a problem which they could not solve.

☞ A certain member of Congress from one of the Eastern States, was speaking one day on some important question, and became very animated, during which a brother member, his opponent on the question, sat smiling. This annoyed him very much, and he indignantly demanded why the gentleman from ——— was laughing at him. "I was smiling at your manner of making monkey faces, sir," was the reply. "Oh! I *make* monkey faces, do I? Well, sir, you have no occasion to try the experiment, for *nature has saved you the trouble*." The hammer was distinctly heard, amid a roar of laughter, calling the house to order.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

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We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be ORIGINAL SKETCHES by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR THE FATAL VOW, by Mrs. Southworth—LETTERS FROM DEMERARA by Mrs. Denison—LETTERS FROM EUROPE by "G. G.," &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

SOURCES OF DISEASE.

In the neighborhood of Golden Square, London, a place used for 200 years for the burial of the dead during epidemics, and where the bodies of thousands were deposited during the great plague, the cholera has been terribly fatal—400 persons dying recently in a few hours.

On the other hand, many persons are said to have died from cholera of late in London, who possessed good constitutions, were in comfortable and even affluent circumstances, and resided in houses where there was no complaint of defective drainage.

Whether the residences of this latter class, however, were in the vicinity of pestilential places, we are not informed. We think it probable that an investigation would show that either their residences, or their places of business, were more or less exposed to various unhealthy influences.

There have been a number of sudden deaths from cholera, &c., within the last month or two, in one cluster of small houses that we pass very frequently. The houses are situated in a somewhat low spot, as compared with the surrounding ground, and the air, when the wind sets to the street from that quarter, gives strong evidence that either hog-pens or slaughter-houses, or perhaps both, are conspiring to ruin the health of the neighborhood. To call this great mortality "unaccountable," and "Providential," with the smell of such nuisances in one's nose, is a kind of sinful nonsense. So far around as that infected air extends, so far the health of the neighborhood must inevitably suffer—those at the outskirts of the circle suffering the least, but still not being exempt from the pestilential influence.

We have instanced one of these infected vicinities in our midst, but doubtless their name is "legion." Hog Pens, large and small, Bone-boiling establishments, Glue and Soap manufactories, Chemical Works, &c., &c.—all should be banished from every thickly settled neighborhood. Most of them are sources of cholera, and those that are not, are productive of fevers and other diseases. The testimony that certain complaints have been cured by the smell of such places, is no more to be taken as evidence that they are promotive of the general health, than the fact that calomel and other poisons are useful in various diseases, is a proof that they would be excellent for well persons, and as a regular diet. A man should be guided by his nose in such matters, before all the testimony and all the physicians in christendom. Its opinion of what kind of air is best for the bodily functions, is worth that of all the laborers who work in such pest-houses, and naturally are desirous of pleasing their employers. All that the God given sense of smell repudiates, should be abated as a nuisance—for even if it were not injurious to health, what man has a right to place a stench under the nose of his neighbors, thus invading their equal right to pure and pleasant air, and injuring the value of their property. If he could keep his stench at home, within his own borders, that would be another matter—but if he cannot do that, he has created a nuisance, which the Board of Health should abate if it has the power, and if it have not, such power should be given it.

For everyone knows how expensive and difficult it often is for individuals to remove such nuisances by course of law, especially when in the possession of wealthy firms—and so they are allowed to go on, poisoning on the right hand and on the left, killing a mother here, and an infant there, and ruining sound constitutions everywhere, in order that their owners may pile up treasure for earth, and condemnation for the Day of Judgment. As the sailor said in New Orleans, if his satanic majesty does not finally get some of these wealthy owners of pestilence-manufactories, who care not how many of their fellow-citizens suffer in health and in property so long as they can put money in their purses, "there is no use in having any devil."

DISGRACEFUL.—There could be no more significant sign of the degradation into which politics have fallen—and the consequent mean character of many of the nominations for office—than the fact that it is becoming a common custom in this city, to make candidates avow their sentiments under oath! Even the *friends* of the "*gentlemen*" nominated now-a-days, seem to have very little faith in their integrity and truthfulness; but require them to go before some Aldermen, and make a regular affidavit that they never have done, and never will do, this, that or the other.

That any man possessing a decent share of self-respect, would submit to the degradation of such a procedure, is not to be supposed. And we therefore think no elector can go very far wrong in voting against every candidate whose friends evidently do not consider his word of honor a sufficient dependance. That by doing so, we may elect some one not much better is very probable—for between many of the opposing candidates, it is a regular "pull Dick, pull devil" affair. But one good result would be attained by a general pursuance of such a course, and that would be an indignant rebuke of the new and disgraceful practice to which we have alluded. A rebuke that might tend perhaps to the future nomination of men, whose words would be universally allowed to be as good as their oaths.

A SIGNIFICANT MISTAKE.—At the Agricultural Exhibition in Canada, the workmen, desirous of paying a compliment to Gov. Elgin, ran up a flag which they supposed to be that of Great Britain, but which, when it unrolled itself, proved to be the glorious *stripes* and stars. The American flag had been brought down among others to adorn the Exhibition. The only difference was that it was about twenty years too soon for the free flag of the Union to be flung abroad upon the Canadian air.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

The Water Cure Journal, for September, contains the following remarks upon the bathing and clothing of children:

"But if parents *will* use cold water on their own persons, let me entreat them to have mercy on their helpless children. Do heed their cries and entreaties to warm it *just a little!* Nothing is more heathenish and barbarous than to bathe children in cold water, or nearly cold water. I believe it injurious to wash our hands and faces in cold winter water. Those who do it, will find that they have rough and cracked skins.

The suffering of children while being washed is small, compared with the evil effects that often follow the application of cold water to the head, viz: congestion of the head or lungs, especially the latter. True, cold water so applied, will make precocious children, and it will also fill the graveyard with the opening buds of infancy. I think it will be found that more children die with head diseases since the use of water has been in vogue, than before; and for the reason already given.

The fact is, the brain requires and receives more blood than any other organ of the system. The application of cold water to the head increases the amount, and hence it is no uncommon thing for children, especially "smart ones," to die as above stated with head disease. Indeed, it has become a proverb among our mothers at least, "that such children are too smart to live," and it is so.

By such treatment, the brain becomes too active and large for the body, and, like a powerful engine in a small boat, soon shatters it to pieces and sends it to the bottom. I cannot close my remarks without entreating mothers in the name of humanity not to attempt to toughen, as it is called, their children, by half-clothing them in cold weather. My heart has ached as I have seen them thus exposed to the piercing winds of a northern winter. Many a mother has thus sown the seeds of premature death in her offspring, for which she has excused herself by calling it a "mysterious Providence."

It you would have healthy, robust children, see that they are warmly clad, especially their extremities. In connection with cold bathing, I would utter my disclaimer against the prevailing practice of rubbing the skin with coarse, rough towels, or horse-brushes. No error in the water-treatment is more injurious. A healthy skin is smooth, soft, and velvet-like; and anything that irritates it and makes it rough is injurious.

But a few of the people understand the functions of the skin, or the importance of a healthy body. My limits will not allow of my discussing the matter here. At some future time I may take it up. I approve of gentle rubbing of the skin with *soft* clothes; or, better, with the bare hand. But it should not be rubbed any way to produce unpleasant sensations.

If we credit the reports of patients who have taken treatment at our Water-Cure Establishments, the heroic or cold treatment is too much in vogue in them for their good.

There is scarcely anything more difficult than the proper management of children. Even after sound general rules have been adopted relative to bathing, clothing, diet, &c., the modification of said rules to suit the varying constitutions of children, is a matter of the utmost difficulty, requiring the greatest discernment and the most careful judgment. Young parents—beginning the married state with the works of the two Combes and other excellent authors, as text-books—imagine that they have the whole theory of physical, moral and mental education at their tongue's end, and that nothing will be easier than to put it into practice. But with the education of every successive child, their confidence in their own wisdom probably will decrease, until, when they have had some half-dozen children, they probably will be ready to admit that they know scarcely anything. For the same rules that seem to work admirably with one child, will prove entirely insufficient, if not positively injurious, in the case of another. We think it is Andrew Combe who tells of a little girl of his acquaintance, whom her supper of bread and milk regularly sickened—and who did not begin to flourish until a cup of tea was substituted in the place of her former diet. And such differences as this in the constitutional requirements of children, render the task of bringing them up so very difficult an undertaking. How few succeed in overcoming the difficulty, and reducing the best theories to a practical solution, is proven by the large proportion of pale and puny forms and faces to be found in the ranks of the young.—Any one who turns his attention to this subject, and will observe the general condition of American children, as seen in the public schools, and other places where numbers are gathered together, will be struck with the fact of the very few whom he could term from their appearance positively healthy.

The Water-Cure people have done their full share in injuring the health of our children—and we are glad to see from the extract quoted above, that they are beginning to repent of it. For the last five or six years we have been firmly convinced that the use of cold water was being carried to a hurtful extreme by very many. We tried daily washing in cold water ourself for one winter, and were well satisfied that however beneficial it was for others, it was injurious to us. The effect is highly invigorating for the time, but it is an invigoration which is purchased at the expense of the regular amount of vital power. You are living fast, but drawing upon the principal to do it. Moreover, the skin—excited to do more than its share in the relief of the organization—becomes dry and harsh, and testifies by its itching that too much of the refuse of digestion is being directed through its delicate system of drainage.

Cleanliness no doubt is a great promoter of health—but even cleanliness may be pushed to an extreme. It is better to get a little dirty, than to be paddling in water all day like a fish. Besides in the use of *cold* water, especially in cold weather, the water operates not only as a purifier, but as a powerful tonic. So far as cleanliness is needed, water about the temperature of the skin would attain that more easily, without the medical effect produced by the cold.

Perhaps, however, there is no error which has led to a greater amount of foolish practice in this respect, than the forgetfulness that the same thing which is an excellent remedy for one disease, may only aggravate another, and be entirely unsuitable as a common treatment for persons in health. That cold water has been of great use in certain cases of long-standing indigestion, is very probable—but it does not follow that it will be equally useful in preserving as in restoring health. Even for certain individuals who consider themselves well, the daily use of cold water may be advantageous as counteracting a constant tendency of the system in some injurious direction. But because it has been a great help to such, is no reason that persons having no such tendency should experience the same degree of benefit. Cold water, as a remedy for certain complaints and diseases, thus may be, and no doubt really is, highly beneficial—but to use it as some do, and without regard to the temperature of the water or of the weather, is, as a general thing, to ruin health instead of to preserve it.

Of course what we have said of the use of cold water in general, applies even more strongly in the case of children, whose constitutions are even less able to bear the great shock thus inflicted.

We think that every wise parent, whatever other conclusions as to the subjects of bathing, diet and dress he may settle down upon, as having been weighed in the balance of experience, and not found wanting, will unite with us in extolling the great importance of Moderation. Do not carry anything to an extreme—we are located in the medium zone, let our practice be conformable therewith. Let Moderation, in bathing, in exercise, in study, in dress, in diet, be the great general law of our household government—not to be departed from except upon good grounds. Nature has in herself considerable power of compensation—and for small deviations from what she would most like, she will pardon and provide; accomodating herself to a reasonable amount of error. But she cannot pardon and allow for extreme departures from her requirements. Therefore, if we keep in the line of moderation, we shall not often deviate in our ignorance further than she is prepared to make allowance for.

Relative to the practice of rubbing down the skin of a man with something rather less rough than a currycomb, as if he were a horse, so frequently recommended some years ago, we subscribe fully to the doctrine laid down by our water cure friend. As also to what is said relative to the clothing—with a caution. There is just as much danger of erring on the side of too much clothing, as on that of too little. If the child be clothed too warmly, he becomes enervated, and if it causes him to perspire, is in danger of taking cold. Besides, to many children, too much clothing by day or night is intolerably oppressive—they cannot endure it. We see no other way therefore than to consult the pleasure of the child—and scarcely know whether it is better to err upon the side of too much or too little. A tender, delicate child generally will desire more covering than a strong and healthy one—and yet the former will often suffer even more from an excess of clothing than the latter.

Ah, well! it is a difficult matter to do your duty in these respects. Every one will acknowledge this—and none perhaps more readily and fervently than those who try the hardest, and really know the most. Between errors upon the right hand and upon the left—not omitting the great error of too much attention and care, to the forgetfulness of the importance of what some wise man called "a little wholesome neglect"—the management and education of children is if anything even more difficult than the management and education of men. Needing much forethought, sound judgment, great command of temper,—and, to add to all these, some humility, and a readiness to acknowledge that you have been mistaken, and will adopt another course for the future. If we may add, in conclusion, another rule, in addition to that great one of Moderation, for the government of children, and parents, we would say, Follow Nature. We know that she occasionally misleads, and therefore is not implicitly to be trusted—but still we say, Follow Nature. Nature originally was the faithful guide of man—commissioned by his Maker. And, however, she may have become capricious, and occasionally false, owing to her being wearied and disgusted with all the perversions and falsehoods of her fallen charge, still she remains—under Heaven—his truest guide, and counsellor and friend. Follow Nature, therefore, at a safe distance and with discretion—for, to lose sight of her, is to go entirely astray. She may not lead you exactly in the right path, but she is always in the neighborhood of the right—for, by a law of her existence, she cannot wander far from it, and live. Follow Nature therefore—for, with all her faults, she is the only guide in very many respects that we have to follow. And she will be a better one, as we grow better.

FANNY FERN.

MR. EDITOR:—Do you not think that Fanny Fern is exhausting her peculiar vein—is she not depreciating a little? I hear that the sale of her last volume—her second series—is by no means equal to that of the first. What do you think about the matter? CRITIC.

We think, Mr. Critic, that we shall be after you with a "sharp stick," if you call the mental powers of one of our lady contributors into question with such remarkable freedom. We have now a series of sketches engaged from Fanny's pen—and we are willing to leave to yourself and to our readers, after perusing the forthcoming articles, whether there is any exhaustion of her peculiar vein—any depreciation of her powers, be it never so little.

THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—This was on the whole an excellent exhibition—though not, we confess, quite equal to what a Pennsylvania *State* Fair should be. We think that Philadelphia, with half a-dozen of the nearest counties, could do as well any day. At the present writing, we have not an authoritative account of the number of visitors, but it must have been immense. We suppose somewhere between one and two hundred thousands. The Society must have cleared many thousands of dollars by the operation.

We hear great complaints of the awards of prizes. It is said that not only were the prizes given often with gross unfairness—as the pecuniary interests of individual members of the committees dictated—but that many prizes which were promised were not given at all. And that nothing like the pledged $7,000 was awarded. By next week we expect to be able to make some specific statements relative to this matter—getting up thus a small *exhibition* of our own; not a *Fair*, however, but an *unfair*.

THE LOST HEIRESS.—This fascinating production of Mrs. Southworth's, whose forthcoming in book form we announced some weeks since—is now before us. It is published in beautiful style—with excellent print and paper—and adorned with a portrait of the author, and a view of her romantically situated cottage residence on the Potomac; which cottage, we are pleased to state, is her own property, bought with the products of her gifted pen.

A short concluding chapter has been added to the story by Mrs. Southworth, in revising it, as it was thought upon consideration, that the reader's curiosity as to the after fortunes of the more interesting personages of the story, was not sufficiently gratified. Published by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

INFORMATION WANTED.—One of our subscribers in Kentucky wishes to know if "the man B——— who recently ran around the New York Hippodrome, was any relation to the *fast* witness, of the same name, in the Ward trial, at Elizabethtown?" And one of our Missouri subscribers after reading the directions in the Post, of the 9th of September, for making two kinds of cement, desires to know whether, in the one the lime used should be *quick* or *slaked*, and, in the other, what should be the proportions of white lead and sand? Will some expert in these kinds of cement-making please enlighten the Missourian, through the medium of our columns?

WAUGH'S ITALIA.—It will be seen by an advertisement, in another column, that this beautiful painting will be exhibited but a short time longer in Philadelphia. It has already been visited by a large number of our citizens.

New Publications.

THE FEMALE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA; With Portraits, Biographical Notices, and Specimens of their Writings. By JOHN S. HART, L. L. D. New Edition, Thoroughly Revised. Published by E. H. Butler & Co., Phila.

Half a century ago, a woman who could write a book was looked upon in this country as one of the marvels of the world. Hannah Adams, of Boston, at that period, was one of those marvels. Her "View of All Religions," when it first appeared in New England, was, in fact, looked upon as almost the eighth wonder. But now we have over sixty women in the United States, whose fame is sufficient to justify their names being enrolled in this ponderous and magnificent volume—women, some of whose prose writings already have adorned the pages of American literature in such a manner as to leave the works of Hannah Adams entirely in the shade. Among the brilliant galaxy of literary female celebrities, are Miss Sedgwick, Miss Leslie, Mrs Gilman, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Stephens, and our contributors, Mrs. Southworth, Grace Greenwood, Fanny Fern, Mrs. Lee Hentz, and Miss Eliza Sproat. Mrs. Denison, by some oversight, which Mr. Hart doubtless will regret, is not in the volume. The biographical sketches are, most of them, exceedingly interesting, and the "selections" from the writings of the various authors are made with taste and judgment.

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE. By the Rev. H. Harbaugh. (Elegantly Illustrated.) Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"How beautiful!" will be the exclamation of many, as these leaves are turned over. The twelve illustrations are truly elegant embellishments of the volume. The Dove, the Swallow, the Sparrow, the Swan, the Ostrich, the Peacock, the Pelican, the Partridge, the Quail, the Eagle, and the Stork, are all exquisitely colored. In his sketches of the various birds, the author has made use of the poets, old and new, because "an utterance is given to them which is denied to others"—because they are the true naturalists, if not of the letter, of the spirit. He thinks that we must not be too prosy when we go forth into the fresh, green, blooming, musical, joyous world, where the birds are. Not only as they dwell and sing in the groves must the birds be viewed, but also as they live in our minds, hearts, memories, feelings, and associations. While, therefore, he has labored to make the work scientifically correct, and as to its facts strictly reliable, he has endeavored, at the same time, not so much to give descriptions of dead birds as to make a picture of living ones.

A PRACTICAL AND COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC; Containing Definitions of Terms, and Rules of Operations, with Numerous Examples; the Whole Forming a Complete Treatise for the Use of Schools and Academies. By GERARDUS BEEKMAN DOCHARTY, L. L. D. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, and Getz & Buck, Phila.

The author of this Arithmetic has had the advantage of long experience as a teacher, and is at present Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy. He offers, as an apology for the appearance of the volume, a desire to add to the already large number of excellent works, one arranged on scientific principles, and thoroughly adapted to the wants of this great commercial nation.

POEMS BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The author of these Poems is a native of Boston, where he now resides. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, he is a professor of "the healing art." He was early known in literary circles, by an admirable translation of Dante's "Inferno." His Elegy on Webster, which appears in this volume, was regarded as one of the best poems elicited by the death of the great orator and statesman. His last poem was the Prize Address recently delivered on the opening of the new Theatre in Boston.

MONTHLIES. T. B. Peterson and Getz & Buck have Putnam's Monthly, for October. It is embellished with a portrait of the Author of "Our New President," being No. 4 of "Portraits of Contributors" to the Magazine, and contains several able articles, among which is a highly interesting one on "African Proverbial Philosophy"—we judge, by Bayard Taylor.

T. B. Peterson, and Getz & Buck, have Harper's Magazine for October. Abbott's Life of Napoleon is brought down to the Battle of Waterloo. The events of that great struggle—in which one man battled against the allied sovereigns of Europe—are sketched with stirring interest.

Getz & Buck also have the Knickerbocker Magazine, for October, which is, as usual, full of good things.

IDIOCY—ITS CAUSES, &c.—The Sixth Annual Report of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth, has recently been published in Boston, from which it seems that the number of pupils now in the school is forty-two. Reading, writing, drawing, and arithmetic, it appears, have been taught to these feeble-minded ones, with a degree of success; and the change which has been brought about in many of the unfortunate children, is very great both in habits and knowledge. From the Report of the Superintendent of the School, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, we extract the subjoined remarks in relation to the

CAUSES OF IDIOCY.

It is not the heart alone that beats responsive to the emotions and passions, but every function of the body, even to the coloring of the hair may be affected by the habitual condition of the moral nature. We may even consider health as of different qualities—as more or less gross; for instance, that a slight and graceful Apollo is in higher and more perfect health than a brawny Hercules, who could slay a bull with his fist, and digest even his flesh in a dreamless sleep. In this sense, other things being equal, (which of course implies equal cheerfulness,) the health of the intellectual man is higher, and more perfect than that of the fool; and the health of the intellectual man who is at the same time amiable and good, is higher and more perfect than that of the merely intellectual man.

But even supposing that such speculations are fanciful, it is in no fanciful sense that idiots are said to enjoy less than average health; for, using the words in their ordinary meaning, and speaking of health as it is usually understood, idiots, in general, enjoy but little of it. They usually come of "poor stock," and that which is deeply tainted with scrofula. They are, for the most part, the offspring of parents one or the other of whom was of feeble structure, or in an unhealthy condition either of body or mind. Many of these unfortunates are so feebly and imperfectly organized from their very conception, that they cannot resist ordinary exposure after their birth, and the feeble flame of life goes out in infancy, or flickers awhile, and is extinguished in early childhood.

Epilepsy and kindred disorders, destroy many while yet in tender years. Others, that survive awhile, are so weakened by fits, by gluttony, by self-abuse, and by unwise treatment of various kinds, especially by the use of drugs, (which are so generally and profusely administered,) that their systems cannot resist diseases which are not ordinarily fatal, and they too, die young. Comparatively few reach maturity, and far fewer still survive to old age; so that the census is but an imperfect indication of the extent of the evil. It tells, indeed, a sad tale of human degradation and wretchedness, but it does not tell the whole truth. Some men may rejoice that it does not. They may be glad to be spared part of a painful sight, from the whole of which they would fain turn their eyes, if they could. But alas! God will not let us look away with impunity. He will continue to scourge society until it becomes conscious of its sin, repents and amends. Men have been worrying themselves about their souls, and the souls of their neighbors, in utter disregard of the fact, that the character and condition of the soul, as evinced in its manifestations here below, are indissolubly connected with the character and condition of the body. It is high time to consider that much may be done toward the cure of souls, by care of bodies.

It was stated in a Report made in 1847–8, by the undersigned, as Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission for investigating the condition of idiots, that minute, personal inquiries had been made concerning the parents and immediate progenitors of three hundred and fifty-nine congenital idiots. It was found that almost all these came of very poor and feeble stock; stock such as, in animals, farmers would never breed from. It was found in every case except four, that is in three hundred and fifty-five, out of the three hundred and fifty nine cases, that the parents were closely related by blood—or that one or the other of them had a decided hereditary tendency to mental derangement—or was of a marked scrofulous habit of body—or was impaired in health by disease, or by intemperance, or by sensual excesses—so that the idiocy of the child was clearly explicable upon physiological principles.

Additional experience, gained during several years, and the examination of many new cases, corroborates this opinion. The same conclusion would be drawn by any physiologist, from *a priori* reasoning, and one would suppose that common sense must lead most persons to adopt it; nevertheless it is not so. There is the most profound ignorance, or utter indifference to these considerations. It is very seldom that the parent of an idiotic child thinks of looking within himself for the cause of his child's infirmity, or suspects that he is in any way responsible for it. Indeed, the parents are very slow to perceive the child's deficiency, and are the last to admit that it is idiotic. They see that the child, though four, five, or six years old, cannot talk, cannot learn to dress, or take care of himself, but still they fondly dwell upon some things which he can do. They themselves have learned to understand his ways and his expression of his wants, and they insist upon it that if the poor thing could only speak and express what he knows, all would be well. They do not consider that the child continues to be mute after infancy because it has not mental capacity enough to learn to speak.

Sometimes parents bring a child for examination, saying, deprecatingly, "We would not have you think he is an idiot, for he is not nor anything like it,—but somehow he is strange,—he cannot learn things, and we cannot account for it," whereas, before they have done speaking, a practised eye sees idiocy in the very appearance of the child, and sees the probable causes of idiocy in the very appearance of one or both the parents.

In other cases when the causes are not apparent at first sight, they come out upon a little questioning. The parents say that they, and even their doctor, were satisfied that everything was "right" about the child until it had "fits." They do not reflect that the fits are only symptoms of internal disorder. They get from the elephant down to the tortoise and think they have reached bottom.

A regular series of questions, framed with a view to ascertaining all the important facts of the case,—the antecedents if not the causes of the idiocy,—generally brings out one or more of the following circumstances:

That the family of one or both the parents is peculiarly scrofulous;

That one (if not both) of the parents inherits this scrofulous temperament;

That the family of one (if not of both) of the parents is peculiarly subject to some form of insanity;

That one (if not both) of the parents (or one of their immediate progenitors) had been greatly impaired in health by disease, intemperance, or sensuality; or,

That the parents were nearly related by blood.

In this matter of intermarriage of relatives, my experience with various classes of infirm children, goes to shew that nature protests against it, and sometimes with terrible vehemence. Where both parties are of sound constitutions, and without marked tendency to any particular form of disease, the liability to infirmity among the *immediate* offspring is small. Where one party is of unsound constitution, the liability is greater. Where both are unsound, it is very great.

Where one party has a constitutional tendency to a particular form of disease, and the other either has no such tendency, or a tendency to some other form of disease, the diverging tendencies seem to correct each other, so that the liability is not great; but where both have the same constitutional tendency, then the danger is so great that some kind of infirmity is almost sure to appear in some of the offspring.

MEMORABLE WOMEN; The Story of Their Lives. By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND. With Eight Illustrations by Birkett Foster. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is not only a most absorbing and entertaining book, but it is also a pure and wholesome one—a book for all classes and for all seasons. The memorable women whose life-stories are told, are Lady Russell, Madame D'Arblay, Mrs. Piozzi, Mary L. Ware, Mrs. Hutchinson, Lady Fanshawe, Margaret Fuller, and Lady Sale. In selecting these women for her heroines, Mrs. Crosland remarks that she was not guided by the admiration so commonly felt for those brilliant characters who have been remarkable for merely intellectual qualifications and unprofitable and injudicious heroisms, but she endeavored simply to set before the young women of the present day examples of wives and mothers who have done their duty under difficulties and temptations; and if, in some cases, genius has accompanied high moral endowments, we have all the more reason to be gratified by the picture of combined excellence of heart and mind.

A TENNESSEEAN ABROAD; Or, Letters from Europe, Africa and Asia. By RANDAL W. MACGAVOCK, A. M., L. L. D. Published by Redfield, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

The author of this new book of travels, is a member of the Nashville Bar. In the Spring of 1851, he crossed the Atlantic, and, during an absence from home of two years, visited all the more interesting portions of the three grand divisions of the Eastern hemisphere. The letters comprising the volume, are his impressions—first and last—of the scenes and the people he encountered during his peregrinations. His style is off-hand and familiar, and he has given us a very readable book.

SYNONYMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Being the Substance of a Course of Lectures Addressed to the Theological Students, King's College, London. By RICHARD C. TRENCH, B. D. Published by Redfield, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

To divinity students this must be an invaluable work. The little volume grew out of a short course of lectures on the synonyms of the New Testament, which, in the fulfilment of his duties as Professor of Divinity at King's College, the talented author more than once addressed to the theological students there.

EVERYBODY'S PAMPHLET. "The Constitution and the Slave Laws" is the title of a pamphlet recently published by D. M. Dewey, of Rochester, N. Y. It contains the Constitution of the United States, the Fugitive Slave Act of 1793, the Missouri Compromise Act of 1820, the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and the Nebraska and Kansas Bill of 1854. These acts and bills are published without note or comment. It will therefore suit everybody, both North and South, East and West.

SPENSER AND THE FAIRY QUEEN. By JOHN S. HART, L. L. D. Published by Hayes & Zell, Philadelphia.

We have here an attempt—and quite a successful one—to reproduce, under modern [illegible] of those [illegible] poems which [illegible] and entertained a former generation. The changes in the fashion of English literature and language have been so great, since the "Fairy Queen" first appeared, that [illegible] [illegible] who read [illegible] of the great [illegible] are still [illegible]. The [illegible] gold will [illegible] of the [illegible], and the sparkle of the diamond can be restored by a little art. The aim of the author, in his essay, has been to put the reader in possession of some of the glorious and sparkling ideas with which Spenser's "Fairy Queen" abounds. These ideas are presented, in this volume, partly in the prose language of the essayist, and partly in the poetical language of the author, with the orthography modernized so far as the rhythm and rhyme of the verse would permit. The extracts are not introduced as mere isolated specimens, but are intimately mixed up with the thread of the argument, the whole being woven together into one continuous story. By these means, the legendary exploits and scenes of Fairy Land are contemplated through a medium that brings their truths home to the "business and bosoms" of the men and women of the present day.

AFRAJA; A Norwegian and Lapland Tale; or, Life and Love in Norway. Translated from the German of THEODORE MUGGE, by EDWARD JOY MORRIS. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This romance is the production of one of the most distinguished writers of fiction in Germany. A German critic says of the author and his romance: "This popular writer has again displayed his genius in a graphic and interesting narration of entirely new and attractive scenes. His romance introduces us to a region with which he is thoroughly acquainted from personal observation, but which is a rare and almost untrodden field of fiction—the remote neighborhood of the North Pole, and those icy, desert steppes, where the Laplander pursues his wandering life of privation and suffering. His life-like descriptions of the manners and customs of this curious people are drawn with such power as to awaken the keenest interest in his brilliant story." The characters, too, it may be added, are portrayed with skill and fidelity to nature.

THE BETTER LAND; Or, The Believer's Journey and Future Home. By AUGUSTUS C. THOMPSON, Pastor of the Eliot Church, Roxbury, Mass. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston, and by Sheldon, Lamport & Blake, New York; for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

This is a volume of religious essays, in which the author—in staunch orthodox style—discourses upon various subjects, among which are, The Society of Angels, Resurrection of the Body, and Perpetuity of Bliss in Heaven. In the closing chapter, the Rev. author thus admonishes the reader: "Grasp not at bubbles; chase not shadows. Let not the pitiful honors and treasures of *a world soon to be burnt up*, arrest you on the path to glory. Believe and live for eternity. We are borderers upon eternity; we live upon the marches between two worlds. The present is only the dim dawning of our being."

THE GOBLIN SNOB; Imagined and Illustrated by HENRY L. STEPHENS. Published by De Witt & Davenport, New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Here is a little trifle—(not a very small one either)—for all those who believe it is better for people to laugh than to cry. To be sure there are *times to laugh*, as well as *times to cry*; but, then, after all, it is best for every one to laugh when he can, and to cry only when he cannot help it. There are nearly fifty comic cuts in this "funny" affair, illustrative of incidents in the lives of Goblin Snob and his scapegrace son. The poetry, (for it is a poetical pictorial) is as droll as the illustrations—and that is not saying much for it.

LIFE'S LESSON; A Tale. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is an American story—of the moral and religious school—the author of which is among the unknowns. The "Lesson" should be read and mourned over by all those unfortunate male members of the great human family who are sneeringly, but very properly, called old bachelors—those good-for-nothing, useless and miserable cumberers of the ground, whose lives are not worth living, and whose deaths are scarcely worth recording.

PROGRESS AND PREJUDICE. By MRS. GORE. Published by De Witt & Davenport, New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a new novel by the author of "The Painter's Daughter," "Mothers and Daughters," &c. Mrs. Gore endeavors, through the medium of fiction, to effect essential progress by doing away with that old family pride and prejudice which have caused so much unhappiness in social life. The characters are naturally drawn, and the story is gracefully told.

THE LAST OF HIS NAME. By ELBERT PERCE. Published by Riker, Thorne & Co., New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The author of this story of home life, is the translator of those of Mrs. Carlen's Swedish novels which have recently been published in this country. The events, which are narrated in a spirited and pleasing manner, are those which might naturally occur in the history of any family, whether in Sweden or America.

☞ The Shepherd says to Christopher North, in his Noctes Ambrosianæ, with equal beauty of thought and language: "I weel believe that only the Sheers o' Fate will ever cut the cords o' our friendship. I fancy it's just the same wi' you as wi' me, we maun [must] like ane anither whether we will or no—and that's the sort o' friendship for me—for it flourishes, like a mountain flower, in a' weathers." Happy those who are joined together by such a friendship!

☞ A gentleman, showing a friend his portrait, admirably done by the photographic process, "It's very well," said his friend, returning it to him, "but the fact is, I hate the style altogether." "But, why, my good sir?" "Because," replied he, "it is a foe to graphic art!"

☞ An old farmer, who feared neither God nor man, had hired a devout negro; and to get some Sunday work out of him, he would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday would put that point to the man's conscience. One morning, old Sambo proved refractory; he would "work no more on Sundays." The master then argued with him that it was "a case of necessity; that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit, on the Sabbath day, a beast that had fallen in." "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spend Saturday in *digging de pit for de very purpose!*"

☞ When a person is carrying a cotton umbrella, it is, curious enough, never his own property—he has "just borrowed it from a friend!"

☞ As they are to have a Baby Convention at Springfield, Ohio, it is well to forewarn ambitious mothers of what they will have to contend with. The St. Louis Republican has seen a specimen three years and two months old, which weighs 135 pounds. He is too old to contest for the prize, but it shows what can be done in the Western Valley. If there are any in that region of one or two years, and of proportionate weight it will be of no use for people this way to attend the assemblage of juveniles with the view of securing a prize.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Chapin being asked of what use the elders were in a church? replied, that "it was to give power to ministers; he was a unit, the elders ciphers—placed upon my right hand, they increase my power; but my elders have got on the wrong side, and reduce me to a fraction."

☞ In describing the death and burial of a lovely child, a correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator gives this beautiful yet touching glimpse of real life: "And now there came a sadder moment than all: tottering with feeble step, the grandmother, with her weight of years, had come to offer consolation to her stricken children. With wild emotion the bereaved mother leaned her head on her parent's breast, and sobbed out her grief. With holy words the old lady comforted her, and then came and bowed her head to look into that calm, infant face. 'She looks like an angel, does she not, mother?' whispered the mourner. 'She is an angel, my child,' replied the grandmother, a solemn, lofty awe overspreading her face; 'she is wiser now there than any of us; for she has read the great mystery.'"

☞ Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more that all may be of a piece. But poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

☞ People who are anxious to "astonish the Browns" are informed that the latest style out for creating a sensation, is to get a big lithograph likeness of yourself stuck in music and bookstore windows. For making your face familiar to the public, and to be gazed at by everybody, it beats every other method out, two to one; besides, it is, as the dry goods clerks say, "very cheap and durable."

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NUMBER XXI.

A little longer sojourn among the Bush Indians of British Guiana, and we will return to civilized life. There seems about the hut, which we are now visiting, other signs of rejoicing; the women have lost, for the while, that stolidity of look that usually deadens all expression in their dull faces—they mingle light laughter with their beating language, and sometimes clap their hands. Their little black eyes twinkle with their humor, their handsome mouths disfigured by crookedness of the concrete character, show goodly rows of snowy teeth. As we pass, they cast their glances to the ground. And here let me say aside, that the Indian woman is always modest, and as a general thing gives attention to personal cleanliness. She seldom appears without the "kimiso," a little apron, gaily ornamented with beads—her glossy hair is neatly braided and folded, either across the temples, or over the top of the small head. A group of men, women, and children, although in size inferior to both European and African, presents a very pleasing picture. The men with their bushy locks, holding firmly the bow and arrow, or the long blow pipe, stand in easy, graceful attitudes. The little children spring lightly about, with the agility of wild forest birds, and sing and shout in their strange, soft dialect. The women, many of whom have extremely beautiful forms, carry their little infants in small hammocks, which they sling over the shoulder. Some, whose babes and sucklings have grown "too large for their hammocks," instead of their "shoes"—which superfluities they never wear, are put astride the mother's hip, and thus clinging to her body, are partly supported with one arm. But to the cause of this unwonted merriment; let us learn what it is.

Into this hut, which looks as if recently put in order, we enter reluctantly, for it seems some ceremony is in preparation.

"Is he sick?" we ask, pointing to a stalwart looking Indian swinging in his hammock, and watching the contents of a huge calabash, as it is brought before his vision filled with food.

A burst of laughter follows our interrogation; and a feeble wail attracts attention in another quarter. What is it? The queerest, tiniest, brightest-eyed Indian baby I ever saw!

How old?

"One—one sun," says the Indian woman, holding up a finger, and pointing to that benignant luminary, who condescends to smile broadly on the little copper-skin face.

"And where is his mother?"

We are directed to a slender, good-looking Indian squaw, bending over the coal pot, cooking *food for her big-lazed husband*. Think of that! delicate Philadelphians, New Yorkers, and Bostonians, with your stuffed door bells, your thick carpets, your double curtains, your soft-footed nurses, your marble-topped medicine stands, your whispering voices, your dark chambers, your solemn doctors, your heavy bills, and your light diets. These Indian mothers are nature's foster children. There are no delicacies here—no pastries, no rich seasonings, no corsets, no turning day into night, no squeamishness about the weather, no calling doctors for a cut finger, no close nurseries, no thick swaddling drapery, and consequently the squaw of South America, with a more delicate organization than the most of English or American females, suffers no diminution of strength from the severest sickness. And yet—and yet—who would wish, in all respects, to change places? Give us our own customs, with some modification in the matter of pampering, this abuse, and coddling for imaginary diseases with quack medicines—and we ask no more.

This, then, is the custom of the Arawaks—the ancient Indian etiquette. The father, on the birth of a child, remains for several days at home in his hammock, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and sometimes, as in the present scene, the mother of the new-born infant cooks his food for him.

I cannot help thinking that this lazy fellow, and the fiddler before mentioned, are brothers, or, at any rate, of some relation.

We are still on the route of investigation, and circumstances certainly transpire for our benefit as it perfectly aware that we were coming, and had taken particular pains to be up and doing on our arrival.

A volley of guns startlingly near, rouses even the "father-man" from his hammock, and scatters the nurses. The young mother snatches up her baby, scarcely old enough to be other than good-natured, and going to the front of her look-out, stretches her neck to see. We of course follow the multitude. Witchy Witch meanwhile shrugging his shoulders and making horrible faces.

'Tis a singular kind of dance—there they hop, in and out, giving each other most uncomfortable switches on the legs with sharp leather thongs. Why is it? What is it? A funeral! Here lies the body in a large pine box—the body of a woman who has recently died—and here go dancing these fiendish looking savages, blood streaming from their legs to the ground, and yet, though they must suffer intolerably with the pain, giving no indication by their grim smiles or stolid faces. One would think a funeral among these people must be a consummation *not* devoutly to be wished.

The *Accaway* tribe bury their dead in the hammocks in which they die, burn the hut, leaving the ashes smouldering over the remains. They then leave the place, never again to return. It is said they believe the soul still hovers over the spot of interment, and will visit whoever disturbs it with disease.

When a great man dies among the *Arrawaks*, his nearest relatives plant a large field of cassava, and with much moaning and lamentation, bewail the deceased. The cassava ripens in twelve months, and then the friends and relations are once again gathered together—treated with a feast of game—and with the cassava they make a merry time of it for several days. A dance is then performed near the grave, in which lashes, thongs, blood, and howls, play each an important part—and frequently the revellers are so lacerated, that they keep their hammocks for several days. The whips are hung wherever the person died, and, after six months, are buried in the grave with him—it is supposed, that should resentment have existed in his lifetime, it is forgotten at this ceremony.

The *Caraibees* put their dead into a hammock, and if it be a person of consequence, watch it with the greatest solicitude. It is often washed with water by the women, and they must be the nearest female relations; thus they keep it till the skeleton only remains—then carefully cleanse the bones, put them into an Indian basket, and almost sacredly preserve them.

The outlines of the above I have taken from a work by the Rev. J. H. Bernau, who wrote a book entitled "Missionary Labors in British Guiana—about the year 1837." I will now make a few extracts in his own words.

"If the Caraibees should happen to quit the place, the bones are burnt in the very place where the person expired, and the ashes carefully collected and taken with them.

"In ordinary cases, however, the body is interred in the hammock in which the person died; and the attendants at his funeral walk round his grave once or twice, and concern themselves no further about it. The women who had been engaged in scraping and burning the bones of the dead, are considered unclean for several months after, and not allowed to touch any of the food eaten by the men.

"Among the *Warraws* the following (interesting) customs prevail. If a captain, or any other individual of influence, dies, the corpse is put into a canoe, and all that he possessed when alive. On his heart is placed a looking glass, and into his hands, his bow and arrows. His favorite dog is killed, and its carcase put with him into the grave, but not in the canoe, to assist him in procuring his food in the untried world. The corpse is always buried on the same spot where the person expired, and a fire kept burning there for many weeks. I could never learn the reason of this latter custom, but suppose that the Indians imagine that the body is conscious of the chill of death, and requires warmth till accustomed to it. The relations and friends bewail the deceased with howling and doleful lamentations for several months together. His widow and children become the property of his brother, or the next male relation. This latter circumstance creates a great deal of strife, and is the occasion of many sorrows. Should, for instance, the widow refuse to become his wife, she is subjected to severe floggings and frequent insults; but if these fail to soften her, she is then allowed to choose whom she pleases. Her children, however, must remain, and are not allowed to be at large till they arrive at the age of puberty.

"The Macusis, and all the rest of the tribes in the interior of British Guiana, bury their dead in almost a sitting posture, without coffins, performing the same ceremonies related above, with some slight modifications."

All these tribes are superstitious—believing in spirits hovering over them—tell strange stories of haunted burial places, and have firm faith—as who ever saw an Indian that had not?—in the immortality of the soul.

Clippings.

☞ A marriage took place the other day, between Miss Jones and a Mr. Eddy. On the strength of this, an editor in the neighborhood gets off the following: "In drifting down the stream of life, Miss Jones has got within the influence of an 'Eddy' that we trust will cause her to revolve in a circle of beatitude for the remainder of her existence."

☞ A Yankee [illegible] has taken a paper called "The [illegible]," [illegible] to be upon the alert, or they may be their [illegible].

☞ Some people, even in high quarters, it is said, have an objection to thirteen at dinner. Dr. Kitchener happened to be one of the company of this number, at Dr. Henderson's, and on its being remarked and pronounced unlucky, he said, "I admit that is unlucky in one case." "What is that?" "When there is only dinner enough for twelve."

☞ The Springfield Republican says that seven of a flock of sheep entered a jewelry store in that city on Thursday morning, led off by a stalwart buck. The latter was instantly attracted by the sight of another bristling buck in the large mirror at the end of the store, and lowering his head and taking a fair start, he plunged into his supposed rival. Judge, perhaps his own and the storekeeper's astonishment at the crash that ensued. One of the four panes of which the mirror was composed, though a third inch thick, shivered to pieces under his well directed blow. The shop dog here interposed and drove off the animals before they could do more mischief.

☞ A Yankee has invented a machine for putting babies to sleep. It is supplied with fresh milk, paregoric, Godfrey's Cordial and sugar, which it dispenses according to the necessities of the case. Mothers have only to chuck Thomas and Mary into the machine, where they will be cared for in the best manner for eight hours. To those who are tired of "lightening the cares of life," going to evening shindies, flirting, and such like, the new invention will indeed be a "blessing to mothers."

☞ The editor of the Ocean Emblem gives the following reason for not publishing Commodore Stockton's letter. It ought to be satisfactory: "We were not at home when the letter was first published by the Commodore, and our partner found that there was not a sufficient quantity of cap I's in the office to set it up."

☞ The New York Times, in an article on "Literary Criticisms in the United States," has the following sentence: "Give an American an idea of a book, and it is sufficient for all his purposes. He will do his own judging. Beauty of finish and completeness of execution are afterthoughts, and will come among the recreations of leisure. Energy of intellect is our obvious characteristic. The demand is for stamina of brains, and more sensibility exerts no commanding sway."

☞ It is positively denied, we learn, that the Know Nothings intend, should they come into power, to set apart one day in every week to go a-gunning after Irishmen.

☞ Ole Bull, at the latest advices, was sick at San Francisco with the Panama fever. Before he was taken sick, he and Strakosch gave three concerts, from which they realized the snug little sum of $34,000—probably the most successful concerts ever given in California. In crossing the Isthmus, Ole Bull, in his usual careless way, intrusted his violins and jewelry to an Indian whose name he did not even take the pains to inquire. On his arrival at Panama the Indian, jewelry, and violins, were *non est*.

☞ A Paris paper asks, "What is that which is found at the end of a garden, may be seen twice in a year, and which not only begins the night but finishes the morn?" It is probably the letter N, which is at the end of *jardin*, is twice in *l'annee*, commences *la nuit*, and terminates *le matin*.

☞ We noticed, on our trip to Springfield, says a Boston paper, in a little village near Worcester, a small two-story house, without a garden. The occupant, evidently with the fear of next Thanksgiving before his eyes, has planted a pumpkin-vine at the side of his residence. But not having real estate enough, wherewith to indulge the wide-spreading propensity of the vegetable, he had twined it up the side of the house, and there upon the sloping roof, lay a dozen or so of fine, large golden coated pumpkins, as could be wished. Truly, this man can be said to live "under the shadow of his own pumpkin vine."

☞ One of our subscribers, says the Ogdensburgh Sentinel, stopped his paper for six months last year, because we advertised so much. In the mean-time, his farm was advertised for non-payment of taxes, and sold. On discovering the difficulty, it cost him one or two days' travel with horse and buggy, and ten per cent. of the taxes—to say nothing of the vexation, to redeem it. How much did he gain by stopping his paper? He came back and subscribed again.

☞ The Amesbury (Mass) Villager tells a good story of an exceedingly anxious individual, who was "most crazy" to obtain some account of the Know Nothings. He was told by a wag, that if he would come out to ——— that night, at ten o'clock, and advance fourteen paces into the barn, he would there find a party to initiate him in due form into the mysterious order. The proposition "took," and he accordingly went to the place at the time appointed. He had scarcely entered, however, when he was saluted with a most unceremonious "grip" in the rear, which caused him to vacate the premises in quick time, leaving a part of his "hinder" garments in the teeth of a careful watch-dog, whose owner had given him the euphonious title of "Know Nothing."

☞ The Glasgow Herald, speaking of a deceased gentleman, says: "He was not more respected in public than revered in private." A contemporary, quoting the paragraph, has completely reversed its signification by dropping a single letter, and writing: "He was no more respected in public than revered in private." One letter does sometimes make a great difference.

☞ The following is from a late number of the New York Tribune: On Wednesday, the 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr. T. A. Eaton, Mr. William Insleo, of New Orleans, to Miss Theresa Birch, of this city:

> Strange! what he hated most when young,
> He dearly loves in riper years;
> And *Birch*, which once his boy-heart wrung,
> Now proves his solace—calms his fears.
> In *Birch* he finds his earthly bliss,
> Nor hesitates the rod to kiss.

☞ In obedience to the exacting dictates of fashion, the ladies are wearing what is called the "Ugly," which is described as follows, by the New York Express: "The 'Ugly,' we see, is coming into use—the 'Ugly' as a protection from the sun, the air, and the outside world. The 'Ugly' is an additional bonnet inserted on and over the fashionable one, and hence, when ladies are venturing out on foot, or in the country, or on a travel, the 'Ugly' is added to the bonnet that fashion requires. And what is the 'Ugly'? The name itself, in part, answers the question, for it is an ugly thing. The 'Ugly' is to the head what a top is to a gig, or a chaise. The 'Ugly' lets up and down like one of those tops. The 'Ugly' is of a different color from the bonnet, and it might be called a parasol, a veil, or anything else, descriptive of what hides or shades the face. Ladies, hence, now often wear two bonnets on their head instead of one."

☞ A LARGE SHEET OF PAPER.—An English paper says: "A few days since, Messrs. Evans & Arrowsmith, of Bristol, received at their establishment a sheet of paper, weighing 1 cwt., and measuring 2,784 feet in length, or more than half a mile.

☞ The following notice lately appeared in the Limerick Chronicle, in the shape of an advertisement: "An extensive landed proprietor on the banks of the Shannon, will make a wager of £500 that he has the handsomest wife, the handsomest nine children, and the handsomest estate in Ireland. Applications to be made to J. F. E. G., Eyres's Hotel, Glin, county Limerick."

GAS FROM WOOD.—The method of making gas from wood, invented by Professors Pettenkofer and Ereisach, of Bavaria, has been recently tested on a large scale in the Philadelphia City Gas Works, and also at the Northern Liberties Gas Works, in consequence of the high prices of coal. It is said to give great satisfaction. The principal difference in the method of making wood gas, from that used in making coal gas, consists in a gradual increase of temperature in inverted generators, where the gas undergoes a second decomposition. It is said that more gas can thus be made from one cord of wood than from one ton of coal, and from the former as much made in one hour or an hour and a half as from coal in four hours. This results, in part, from the improvements made in the apparatus.—*North American.*

THE BOARD OF MISSIONS.—In the discussion of the recent resolutions relative to the Choctaw Mission, the amount of support received by the American Board from the Southern States was referred to. It seems that of the aggregate receipts of $305,065 for the year ending July, 1853, only $18,900 came from the slave States; and for the year ending July, 1854, the discrepancy is still larger, as of the aggregate sum of $302,279 received, only $6,680 came from the South. Dr. Bacon said that the contributions even from the Sandwich Islands were of more importance. Whether such worldly considerations had any effect on the minds of the brethren, we shall not pretend to determine.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854.

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

On account of the high price of paper, the New York Sun has been reduced in size. The Philadelphia Ledger and the Baltimore Sun are now the two largest penny papers in the country.

At Meredith Bridge, N. H., potatoes have fallen from one dollar to two shillings per bushel.

Mr. James Campbell, of Tansboro', Mass., has a tomato vine nine feet four inches high, which covers a space of thirty one feet in circumference, and has from fifteen hundred to two thousand tomatoes.

M. de Lamartine has just sold a history of Turkey, in six volumes, to the proprietors of a Paris daily newspaper, for £4,800.

In Boston, on Saturday week, four foreign paupers were directed by a magistrate to be returned to Great Britain, from which country they were transported hither. In a few days they will sail from Boston for Liverpool.

The $3 hotels in New York have reduced their prices for board to $2 50 per day, and the $2 50 houses to $2 00.

In consequence of the prevalence of the yellow fever at Charleston, it has been found impossible to obtain any telegraph operators, and the office is consequently, for the present, closed. One or two of the operators heretofore employed recently fell victims of the epidemic.

Davidson King, the late Surveyor General of California, is charged with being a defaulter to the Government to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars.

While extra good workmen in California are earning from three to six dollars a day, the San Francisco papers tell us that the supply of labor generally is far in advance of the demand.—The highest wages are paid to jewellers, seamen, workers in metals, joiners, &c.

Among the many uses to which beet-root can be applied, is that of making pasteboard. A manufactory has just been established at Foulzin, in France.

The Albany Express states that a young girl from the country recently died in Albany, with a board bill unsettled. The friends were poor, having expended all their money in providing medical aid for the deceased. When they went to remove the body, they were told that they [illegible]

The city of Quebec is about to be supplied with pure water from the lake at Lorette. The lake is about ten miles distant, and sufficiently elevated to enable the water to be conveyed to the top of the highest houses in the city. The water has hitherto been carted from the river, and has proved a fertile source of disease, being full of impurity, and with a large per centage of saline matter.

Hinsdale, Massachusetts, has a population of 1,300, and since the first of January last, only one American has died; and in Pittsfield, with a population of 4,000, only two deaths have occurred since the 4th of July, and one of them was a man 86 years of age.

A Convention of Railroad Superintendents and Presidents of the various Railways of Ohio and Indiana was held at Columbus, on Friday, the 22nd ultimo. Delegates from 28 roads were present, being a larger representation than at any previous Railway Convention held in the West. Resolutions were adopted entirely doing away with the free-pass system, and after the expiration of the current year, no pass, in any case, will be granted. When the President of one Railway shall have occasion to travel over another, he will be charged full fare. The practice of passing clergymen at half fare, will also cease at the close of the year. Resolutions looking to a gradual but general increase of the tariff of prices for freight and passage, were agreed upon. The new regulations are to go into effect on the first of January next.

The Maryland Colony in Liberia has been organized as an independent Republic by the election of W. A. Prout as Governor, and B. J. Drayton as Lieutenant-Governor, both, of course, colored men. The new Constitution, which has been adopted prohibits the traffic in ardent spirits.

Messrs. Mitchell & Garnier, distillers at Alton, Illinois, have contracted for about 25,000 bushels of corn, to be delivered from the Illinois River; 12,000 at 45 cents without sacks, and 13,000 at 50 cents per bushel, sacks included. These are about double the rates paid last year by the same parties.

Commodore Perry did not get to Jeddo, as he intended. The Commissioners would not agree to it. When the Commodore determined, in spite of their remonstrances, to run up, the interpreters, who were on board the Commodore's ship, told him that just as sure as he came in sight of Jeddo, they would perform the "Hari Kari" on themselves, that is to rip themselves open, (an action they think highly commendable,) and the Commissioners would do the same also. He endeavored to reason with them on the folly of such an intention, but they coolly replied that they were not there to discuss the propriety of their customs, but to conform to and execute them. They had already stripped themselves to their under garment, when the Commodore seeing their resolution inflexible, turned his ships about, and anchored a considerable distance down the bay.

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

FOREIGN NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

Local News.

THE GREAT STATE FAIR.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW BOOK.

SENT EVERYWHERE BY MAIL, FREE OF POSTAGE.

THE LOST HEIRESS.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "MOTHER-IN-LAW," "DISCARDED DAUGHTER," "SHANNONDALE," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," ETC.

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LETTER FROM A DRUGGIST.
New York, Oct. 10, 1853.
Dear Sir—Please send me two boxes more of your VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS—the person for whom I procured them, is much pleased with their effects. They seem to have an excellent effect.

A PERFECT CURE OF EPILEPSY.
Pittsburg, November 22, 1853.
Dear Sir—It is now ten months since my wife has had any of those nervous attacks. She thinks she is cured. She has not had any symptoms of the disease for the last nine months. She took your VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS [illegible]

WATT'S ON THE MIND, CHAPTER 3.
[illegible]

RAMBLES IN ICELAND.
[illegible]

PAPER HANGINGS.
HOWELL & BROTHERS,
[illegible]

CABINET WAREHOUSE.
GEORGE J. HENKELS,
[illegible]

S. M. HOPPER.
GOLD LEVER WATCHES.
[illegible]

FITS! FITS! FITS!
THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS,
[illegible]

... he might the better enjoy the scene about to commence.

A herald, in a blue tunic, blew his trumpet at the northern extremity of the area, proclaiming the lists open, and the tournament about to commence. At the east gate, another herald, in a yellow tunic, repeated the proclamation, and at the west, another in red, reiterated it. The three officials were termed, by the uninitiated crowd, "the red boy," "the yellow boy," and "the blue boy." A goodly number of competitors, in fancy dresses and mock-armor, were congregated at the eastern gate. The "blue boy," in a sonorous voice, proclaimed their names and titles. The characters assumed for this occasion were—also for modesty and veneration!—the very greatest heroes of the middle ages; among them, "Richard Coeur-de-Lion," the "Black Prince," "Harry, of England," (Henry V.) "Hotspur," "Sir William Wallace," etc. There were also some of a more comic character, (it was all comic enough,) there were Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, Sir Hudibras, etc. But the name of the *first* competitor was about to be proclaimed, and a dead silence ensued.

"The Knight of Malta!" shouted the herald from the north, whose voice was unluckily very thick.

"The Knight of the *Altar!*" repeated the east herald, whose ears were no better than the other's voice, and,

"The Knight of the—HALTER!" vociferated the west herald, who was too far off to hear well.

"Oh! that is too funny! Poor Lapping! How she would enjoy that!" said Mrs. Waugh.

But just then the Knight of the "Halter" dashed forward on the road, with his lance balanced lightly in his right hand—and without pausing or slackening his speed in the least, sped through the area, and bore off the ring! The band of music struck up a triumphal air, and the spectators gave a shout of congratulation. The successful aspirant turned and rode around the area, and fell into his place. And the ring was restored to its station.

And then the name of another candidate was proclaimed in turn, by the three heralds, and he rode forward. This was a splendid equestrian—but alas, as he sped through the course he only touched and did not carry off the ring, and the music kept a dead silence, while he rode back crest-fallen, with his lance trailing by the saddle-bow.

Then came a third candidate who also missed; and then a fourth, who carried off the ring; and a fifth and a sixth, who failed even to touch it; and a seventh and eighth, who bore it off in triumph. And thus, with more or less success, all the candidates who had failed were ruled out from the list of competitors, while those who had succeeded remained for a second trial of skill.

There were but nine competitors in the second course. And this passed off with the like success as the first—that is to say, less than one half the candidates succeeded. Five failed, and had their names stricken off the list. Four remained to try the third course. These were "The Black Prince," "Hotspur," "Don Quixote De La Mancha," and "The Knight of Malta," alias of the "Halter."

With the narrowing down of the number of competitors, the excitement of the actors, as well as of the spectators, arose. On the part of the rivals there was of course more fatigue and less steady coolness than before. Perhaps it was upon this account, that in riding the third course, three of the competitors failed, while only one, "The Knight of Malta," succeeded, thus remaining, as he, and every one else supposed, sole victor of the field!

Not so they knew of however! "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and "oft expectation fails, and most oft there where most it promises." For while the victor knight bearing aloft the ring upon the point of his lance was careering around the field, and the ladies were waving handkerchiefs, and casting bouquets in his way, and while the triumphant music was pealing, and the crowd was shouting, and the trumpets blowing, and the heralds vociferating, and the "King at Arms" preparing to proclaim, through his marshals, that the renowned "Knight of Malta" was the victor of the day, and entitled to the honor of crowning the lady of his fealty Queen of Beauty and Love—hark! the winding of a horn, whose piercing notes penetrated through all grosser sounds and announced the advent of a new challenger!

And lo! at the west gate a vision of dazzling splendor! Sun and stars and diamonds, how radiant! It was a young knight, a mere stripling, in what seemed silver plated scale armor, that glanced and flashed in the sunlight with blinding radiance—his helmet was encircled by a diadem of what seemed precious stones—diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, that sparkled, glowed, and blazed in rays of many colored fire, crested with a snow white plume—his steed was white with housings of white satin, wrought with a deep border of silver lilies, and finished with a deep fringe of silver threads. Light, graceful, aerial, and dazzlingly radiant, was this resplendent vision! All the crowd arose to look, and then turned their half-blinded eyes away.

A herald from the King at Arms demanded his name, lineage, and country.

"PRINCE ARIEL from the Court of Fairy."

His errand at the tournament?

To challenge the victor knight to a trial of a dozen rounds! This was very trying indeed, just in the moment of victory. But by all the gallant and generous usages of chivalry, this challenge must not be refused—besides, the Fairy Prince was such a mere sprite—not likely to conquer in *material* contests. The assembly also, by acclamation, demanded that the challenge should be accepted. And it was accepted. Order was restored. Lots were drawn for the first trial, which fell on the fortunate Knight of Malta.

Once more with lance balanced in his right hand, the knight spurred on his charger towards the arch, and passed under it, carrying off the ring. And while he rode round the area, the crowd shouted, and the music pealed forth as before.

It was now the turn of the Fairy Prince. He was stationed at the west gate. With a swift, smooth, wavy motion, he galloped on, his silver armor glancing in the sun rays, passed under the arch, and carried off the ring. And the music struck up, the crowd applauded, etc.

The Knight of Malta's turn. He dashed on, with lance held as before, and passed under the arch, bearing off the ring, amid the usual peals and plaudits.

And then again the Fairy Prince. He sped forward, like arrow to its aim, swept through the arch, and bore off the prize, amid the acclamations of the impartial multitude, and the thunders of the music.

So far the success was equal, although the Fairy Prince far surpassed the Knight in elegance, and aerial grace of carriage. And this equality of success continued for several more rounds.

At length, however, the Prince seemed to wish to bring the contest to a crisis. And when his turn came round, instead of sweeping onward like a flash of lightning, as he had done before, he set forward in a gentle amble, until he got within a few feet of the arch, when he checked his horse for a flying leap, aimed his lance, and vaulted through, carrying off the ring upon the point, and falling again into the gentle amble, finished the course; then turning in his road he rode back, and in the act of vaulting through the arch, replaced the ring upon the hook, amid deafening thunders of applause!

This was a feat that had not been attempted before. The Knight of Malta thus tacitly challenged to rival this skill, declined the attempt, and in all knightly courtesy yielded the palm to the Fairy Prince as Victor of the Day!

The excitement of the crowd was unprecedented. Every man was up on his feet. Every lady was waving her handkerchief. The band of music went mad, and raved away in a perfect storm of triumph! The heralds nearly split their throats blowing the trumpets. And the King at Arms, and all his marshals, vociferated themselves hoarse, in trying to "conquer a peace."

At length, however, silence was restored.

And then "Prince Ariel, of Fairyland," was pronounced victor of the day, and entitled to the honor of crowning his liege lady Queen of Beauty and of Love.

But who was the radiant Prince Ariel, and who the lady of his choice? *That* was the question that excited to the utmost the interest of the breathless assembly.

He had received the crown from the King at Arms, and was about to indicate his queen by the act of coronation! What lady would it be?

He now rode around the area bearing the crown in his hand, and, approaching the seats of the spectators, paced along beneath them, his snow-white charger prancing in its spangled white housings, his silver armor flashing in the sun, his diadem of precious stones burning like a circlet of fire around his helmet, his snow-white plume dancing above his closed visor—Ah, who was the dazzling Fairy Prince?

Reader, have you ever doubted his identity for a single moment?

But lo! he has paused before a group among the spectators. Expectation is on tip-toe! All bend their eyes to that focus! But how is this? It is our rustic party from Luckenough, and there is no fair lady in the group! What can the *Fairy Prince* mean? All eyes are riveted to the spot. And the Commodore and his party don't know what to make of it, at all.—The Commodore's eyes are distended to their widest ability. And the rest of the party wait in breathless expectancy! They have a faint impression that the visitor is in search of Jacqueline.

The Fairy Prince now bows before the group, until the snow-white crest sweeps the snow-white housings of the steed; and, placing the crown upon the point of his lance, he raises it and lays it at the feet of—the Commodore? and raising his visor, reveals the golden locks and laughing brow and malicious blue eyes of—our Jacqueline!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Correspondents

DUTIES OF A MAIDEN LADY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It seems that the duties of a maiden lady are as complicated and various as those of a matron at an asylum of orphans. If she reside in the home of her parents, she is expected to perform the labor of half-a-dozen young misses. It is her province to replace everything torn down by others, and to remember the exact place where all household articles have been placed. Any neglect in point of apparel is deemed nearly unpardonable, as she has no children of her own to fix; so it must be sheer negligence if she does not appear every day perfectly neat in costume. She can, as well as not, make and mend for half-a-dozen nephews, cut and make dresses, and do the repairing for as many nieces; do the making and repairing for the neighbors generally, as she has abundance of time. Do any of the married fraternity wish to visit for a month or more, Aunt Mary can, as well as not, come and keep house and take care of the children, which she is expected to do with her face all the while wreathed with the sweetest smiles. Should a shadow flit across her brow, Aunt Mary is at once branded as a sour, calculating old maid, who is cross to children and every one else. Although the mother may scold them by the hour, it is to be expected—she has so many cares. If her parents are dead and gone, all want the honor of taking care of Aunt Mary, and she is pulled about something like the prisoner of an Arab or Indian, though not with quite so much danger to life and limb. It is not expected she can do much, but it would reflect dishonor on the family not to proffer her a home. If she be finally established with some brother or sister, all envy the privileged one the deed of charity they have the honor of dispensing. She is frequently reminded of the privilege she enjoys, which none but the most affectionate relatives would bestow. Every job, which others dislike doing, she is expected to be eminently qualified by nature to perform—to possess untiring filial affection, and true sisterly love.

E. E.

Clippings.

☞ A letter from Boulogne to a London paper says: "Some persons in England would have been shocked to have heard, as they might have heard, on Sunday, a polka and variations from 'Robert the Devil' played during High Mass. The Mass was chanted in Latin, and some verses were sung by the men composing the bands."

☞ When the riot in the Crescent City, the other day, was at its height, one of the papers there tells us, one of the Fathers was sought for at a somewhat late hour of night, for the purpose of obtaining an order relative to the riot, and was found two-thirds drunk. In that happy state of obliviousness, the imminency of the danger was strongly represented to him, and his exertions were requested for the suppression of difficulties. The old gentleman bloomed out like a mammoth cactus, and informed the solicitor that "There was no difficulty; only every one go to bed, and nobody would be killed; he had examined carefully; he had drank whiskey with both parties; and more peaceable citizens and b—b—better gentlemen couldn't be found. The shouting was only for fun. If anybody attacks you, ask them to drink, and it'll all be settled. Try it—I did." And from his appearance we should think he had, and found it exceedingly sedative—on himself.

☞ A New York paper has the following: "Those who have been born and brought up here, as well as those in Philadelphia and Baltimore, as a general thing, have more fully developed figures than the Boston ladies, and we presume that there is no doubt but what it is owing to our greater immunity from the east wind."

☞ Telegraphic experiments were recently made at Portsmouth, England, with perfect success, at a mill-dam five hundred feet across, by which, with an operating battery on one side, and the corresponding dial on the other side, a telegraphic message was conveyed through the water, without the aid of connecting wires. An electric wire from each side was submerged, terminating in a plate constructed for the purpose. It is contended that in the same manner a telegraphic message may be conveyed across the British channel, without continuous cables of wire.

☞ A young lady, so Godey says, whose name was Patty, being addressed by a Mr. Cake, accepted him on condition that he would change his name, declaring that she would never consent to be called "*patty-cake*."

☞ The Dutch, when they owned the Spice Islands, in order to keep up prices, allowed only a certain quantity to be sent to market, and burnt all the balance. The coal operators at Pottsville will please make a note of it.

☞ In Boston, good potatoes are selling at from 65 to 70 cts per bushel, and winter apples at $1 50 per barrel. The crops of both are represented, in the New England States, to be nearly, if not quite average yields. In many portions of the great West, the fruit crop is abundant; and we learn that the same statement is true of the interior of this State.

☞ The following incident really occurred at a French Court within the last month: A man was before the Court on a charge of stealing some candles, and the prosecutor was examining witnesses who had bought from him. One of these said: "That though he suspected the candles had been stolen, he bought a sous worth; but that, in order not to encourage robbery, he had paid for them with a bad sous!"

☞ "Zeb," said a chap to his chum, the other day, "seems to me you didn't stay long at Squire Togger's last night." "No," was the reply, "I was sayin' a few pleasant things to the daughter, and the old man came in and gave me a hint to go." "A hint, Zeb, what sort of a hint?" "Why, he gave me my hat, opened the door, and just as he began to raise his cowhide boot, I had a thought that I wasn't wanted, and so I—I took my leave."

☞ An over-the-way neighbor fairly posed us the other night, by asking us the simplest question: "When is a fish crazy?" and assured us it was only when the aforesaid fish was *in-sane*. We left immediately, and went into our own house, with a bang of the door.

☞ The best joke we have heard for a long time was cracked by a village preacher. He was preaching on a very sultry day in a small room, and was annoyed by those who casually dropped in after the services had commenced, invariably closing the door after them. His patience, at last exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, I believe if I were preaching in a bottle you would put the cork in!"

☞ A dry sort of genius once undertook to name and classify the different sorts of fools in this world, as follows: 1st. The ordinary fool. 2nd. The fool who is one and don't know it. 3rd. The fool who is not satisfied with being a fool in reality, but undertakes, in addition, to play the fool.

☞ The wit of Douglas Jerrold is never so keen as when exercised on juvenile literary presumption. When M. Lamartine's merits were being discussed at a club of artists and authors, "Oh," said a clever young author, "he and I row in the same boat." Douglas Jerrold, who was present, turned round and said, "But not with the same sculls."

☞ The Chinese are said to have labored for centuries under great embarrassment, from not knowing how to make a barrel. They could do everything without any difficulty. They could make the staves, and set them up, and hoop them in; and, indeed, with the help of a man inside, they could put the second head on; but how to get the man out, after the barrel was headed up was a problem which they could not solve.

☞ A certain member of Congress from one of the Eastern States, was speaking one day on some important question, and became very animated, during which a brother member, his opponent on the question, sat smiling. This annoyed him very much, and he indignantly demanded why the gentleman from ——— was laughing at him. "I was smiling at your manner of making monkey faces, sir," was the reply. "Oh! I make monkey faces, do I? Well, sir, you have no occasion to try the experiment, for nature has saved you the trouble." The hammer was distinctly heard, amid a roar of laughter, calling the house to order.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

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We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be ORIGINAL SKETCHES by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR THE FATAL VOW, by Mrs. Southworth—LETTERS FROM DEMERARA by Mrs. Denison—LETTERS FROM EUROPE by "G. G.," &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

SOURCES OF DISEASE.

In the neighborhood of Golden Square, London, a place used for 200 years for the burial of the dead during epidemics, and where the bodies of thousands were deposited during the great plague, the cholera has been terribly fatal—400 persons dying recently in a few hours.

On the other hand, many persons are said to have died from cholera of late in London, who possessed good constitutions, were in comfortable and even affluent circumstances, and resided in houses where there was no complaint of defective drainage.

Whether the residences of this latter class, however, were in the vicinity of pestilential places, we are not informed. We think it probable that an investigation would show that either their residences, or their places of business, were more or less exposed to various unhealthy influences.

There have been a number of sudden deaths from cholera, &c., within the last month or two, in one cluster of small houses that we pass very frequently. The houses are situated in a somewhat low spot, as compared with the surrounding ground, and the air, when the wind sets to the street from that quarter, gives strong evidence that either hog-pens or slaughter-houses, or perhaps both, are conspiring to ruin the health of the neighborhood. To call this great mortality "unaccountable," and "Providential," with the smell of such nuisances in one's nose, is a kind of sinful nonsense. So far around as that infected air extends, so far the health of the neighborhood must inevitably suffer—those at the outskirts of the circle suffering the least, but still not being exempt from the pestilential influence.

We have instanced one of these infected vicinities in our midst, but doubtless their name is "legion." Hog Pens, large and small, Bone-boiling establishments, Glue and Soap manufactories, Chemical Works, &c., &c.—all should be banished from every thickly settled neighborhood. Most of them are sources of cholera, and those that are not, are productive of fevers and other diseases. The testimony that certain complaints have been cured by the smell of such places, is no more to be taken as evidence that they are promotive of the general health, than the fact that calomel and other poisons are useful in various diseases, is a proof that they would be excellent for well persons, and as a regular diet. A man should be guided by his nose in such matters, before all the testimony and all the physicians in christendom. Its opinion of what kind of air is best for the bodily functions, is worth that of all the laborers who work in such pest-houses, and naturally are desirous of pleasing their employers. All that the God given sense of smell repudiates, should be abated as a nuisance—for even if it were not injurious to health, what man has a right to place a stench under the nose of his neighbors, thus invading their equal right to pure and pleasant air, and injuring the value of their property. If he could keep his stench at home, within his own borders, that would be another matter—but if he cannot do that, he has created a nuisance, which the Board of Health should abate if it has the power, and if it have not, such power should be given it.

For everyone knows how expensive and difficult it often is for individuals to remove such nuisances by course of law, especially when in the possession of wealthy firms—and so they are allowed to go on, poisoning on the right hand and on the left, killing a mother here, and an infant there, and ruining sound constitutions everywhere, in order that their owners may pile up treasure for earth, and condemnation for the Day of Judgment. As the sailor said in New Orleans, if his satanic majesty does not finally get some of these wealthy owners of pestilence-manufactories, who care not how many of their fellow-citizens suffer in health and in property so long as they can put money in their purses, "there is no use in having any devil."

DISGRACEFUL.—There could be no more significant sign of the degradation into which politics have fallen—and the consequent mean character of many of the nominations for office—than the fact that it is becoming a common custom in this city, to make candidates avow their sentiments under oath! Even the *friends* of the "*gentlemen*" nominated now-a-days, seem to have very little faith in their integrity and truthfulness; but require them to go before some Alderman, and make a regular affidavit that they never have done, and never will do, this, that or the other.

That any man possessing a decent share of self-respect, would submit to the degradation of such a procedure, is not to be supposed. And we therefore think no elector can go very far wrong in voting against every candidate whose friends evidently do not consider his word of honor a sufficient dependance. That by doing so, we may elect some one not much better is very probable—for between many of the opposing candidates, it is a regular "pull Dick, pull devil" affair. But one good result would be attained by a general pursuance of such a course, and that would be an indignant rebuke of the new and disgraceful practice to which we have alluded. A rebuke that might tend perhaps to the future nomination of men, whose words would be universally allowed to be as good as their oaths.

A SIGNIFICANT MISTAKE.—At the Agricultural Exhibition in Canada, the workmen, desirous of paying a compliment to Gov. Elgin, ran up a flag which they supposed to be that of Great Britain, but which, when it unrolled itself, proved to be the glorious stripes and stars. The American flag had been brought down among others to adorn the Exhibition. The only difference was that it was about twenty years too soon for the free flag of the Union to be flung abroad upon the Canadian air.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

The Water Cure Journal, for September, contains the following remarks upon the bathing and clothing of children:

But if parents *will* use cold water on their own persons, let me entreat them to have mercy on their helpless children. Do heed their cries and entreaties to warm *it just a little!* Nothing is more heathenish and barbarous than to bathe children in cold water, or nearly cold water. I believe it injurious to wash our hands and faces in cold winter water. Those who do it, will find that they have rough and cracked skins.

The suffering of children while being washed is small, compared with the evil effects that often follow the application of cold water to the head, viz: congestion of the head or lungs, especially the latter. True, cold water so applied, will make precocious children, and it will also fill the graveyard with the opening buds of infancy. I think it will be found that more children die with head diseases since the use of water has been in vogue, than before; and for the reason already given.

The fact is, the brain requires and receives more blood than any other organ of the system. The application of cold water to the head increases the amount, and hence it is no uncommon thing that children, especially "smart ones," die as above stated with head disease. Indeed, it has become a proverb among our mothers at least, "that such children are too smart to live," and it is so.

By such treatment, the brain becomes too active and large for the body, and, like a powerful engine in a small boat, soon shatters it to pieces and sends it to the bottom. I cannot close my remarks without entreating mothers in the name of humanity not to attempt to toughen, as it is called, their children, by half-clothing them in cold weather. My heart has ached as I have seen them thus exposed to the piercing winds of a northern winter. Many a mother has thus sown the seeds of premature death in her offspring, for which she has consoled herself by calling it a "mysterious Providence."

If you would have healthy, robust children, see that they are warmly clad, especially their extremities. In connection with cold bathing, I would utter my disclaimer against the prevailing practice of rubbing the skin with coarse, rough towels, or horse-brushes. No error in the water-treatment is more injurious. A healthy skin is smooth, soft, and velvet-like; and anything that irritates it and makes it rough is injurious.

But a few of the people understand the functions of the skin, or the importance of a healthy body. My limits will not allow of my discussing the matter here. At some future time I may take it up. I approve of gentle rubbing of the skin with *soft* cloths; or, better, with the bare hand. But it should not be rubbed any way to produce unpleasant sensations.

If we credit the reports of patients who have taken treatment at our Water-Cure Establishments, the heroic or cold treatment is too much in vogue in them for their good.

There is scarcely anything more difficult than the proper management of children. Even after sound general rules have been adopted relative to bathing, clothing, diet, &c., the modification of said rules to suit the varying constitutions of children, is a matter of the utmost difficulty, requiring the greatest discernment and the most careful judgment. Young parents—beginning the married state with the works of the two Combes and other excellent authors, as text-books—imagine that they have the whole theory of physical, moral and mental education at their tongue's end, and that nothing will be easier than to put it into practice. But with the education of every successive child, their confidence in their own wisdom probably will decrease, until, when they have had some half-dozen children, they probably will be ready to admit that they know scarcely anything. For the same rules that seem to work admirably with one child, will prove entirely insufficient, if not positively injurious, in the case of another. We think it is Andrew Combe who tells of a little girl of his acquaintance, whom her supper of bread and milk regularly sickened—and who did not begin to flourish until a cup of *tea* was substituted in the place of her former diet. And such differences as this in the constitutional requirements of children, render the task of bringing them up so very difficult an undertaking. How few succeed in overcoming the difficulty, and reducing the best theories to a practical solution, is proven by the large proportion of pale and puny forms and faces to be found in the ranks of the young.—Any one who turns his attention to this subject, and will observe the general condition of American children, as seen in the public schools, and other places where numbers are gathered together, will be struck with the fact of the very few whom he could term from their appearance positively healthy.

The Water-Cure people have done their full share in injuring the health of our children—and we are glad to see from the extract quoted above, that they are beginning to repent of it. For the last five or six years we have been firmly convinced that the use of cold water was being carried to a hurtful extreme by very many. We tried daily washing in cold water ourself for one winter, and were well satisfied that however beneficial it was for others, it was injurious to us. The effect is highly invigorating for the time, but it is an invigoration which is purchased at the expense of the regular amount of vital power. You are living fast, but drawing upon the principal to do it. Moreover, the skin—excited to do more than its share in the relief of the organization—becomes dry and harsh, and testifies by its itching that too much of the refuse of digestion is being directed through its delicate system of drainage.

Cleanliness no doubt is a great promoter of health—but even cleanliness may be pushed to an extreme. It is better to get a little dirty, than to be paddling in water all day like a fish. Besides in the use of *cold* water, especially in cold weather, the water operates not only as a purifier, but as a powerful tonic. So far as cleanliness is needed, water about the temperature of the skin would attain that more easily, without the medical effect produced by the cold.

Perhaps, however, there is no error which has led to a greater amount of foolish practice in this respect, than the forgetfulness that the same thing which is an excellent remedy for one disease, may only aggravate another, and be entirely unsuitable as a common treatment for persons in health. That cold water has been of great use in certain cases of long-standing indigestion, is very probable—but it does not follow that it will be equally useful in preserving as in restoring health. Even for certain individuals who consider themselves well, the daily use of cold water may be advantageous as counteracting a constant tendency of the system in some injurious direction. But because it has been a great help to such, is no reason that persons having no such tendency should experience the same degree of benefit. Cold water, as a remedy for certain complaints and diseases, thus may be, and no doubt really is, highly beneficial—but to use it as some do, and without regard to the temperature of the water or of the weather, is, as a general thing, to ruin health instead of to preserve it.

Of course what we have said of the use of cold water in general, applies even more strongly in the case of children, whose constitutions are even less able to bear the great shock thus inflicted.

We think that every wise parent, whatever other conclusions as to the subjects of bathing, diet and dress he may settle down upon, as having been weighed in the balance of experience, and not found wanting, will unite with us in extolling the great importance of Moderation. Do not carry anything to an extreme—we are located in the medium zone, let our practice be conformable therewith. Let Moderation, in bathing, in exercise, in study, in dress, in diet, be the great general law of our household government—not to be departed from except upon good grounds. Nature has in herself considerable power of compensation—and for small deviations from what she would most like, she will pardon and provide; accomodating herself to a reasonable amount of error. But she cannot pardon and allow for extreme departures from her requirements. Therefore, if we keep in the line of moderation, we shall not often deviate in our ignorance further than she is prepared to make allowance for.

Relative to the practice of rubbing down the skin of a man with something rather less rough than a currycomb, as if he were a horse, so frequently recommended some years ago, we subscribe fully to the doctrine laid down by our water cure friend. As also to what is said relative to the clothing—with a caution. There is just as much danger of erring on the side of too much clothing, as on that of too little. If the child be clothed too warmly, he becomes enervated, and if it causes him to perspire, is in danger of taking cold. Besides, to many children, too much clothing by day or night is intolerably oppressive—they cannot endure it. We see no other way therefore than to consult the pleasure of the child—and scarcely know whether it is better to err upon the side of too much or too little. A tender, delicate child generally will desire more covering than a strong and healthy one—and yet the former will often suffer even more from an excess of clothing than the latter.

Ah, well! it is a difficult matter to do your duty in these respects. Every one will acknowledge this—and none perhaps more readily and fervently than those who try the hardest, and really know the most. Between errors upon the right hand and upon the left—not omitting the great error of too much attention and care, to the forgetfulness of the importance of what some wise man called "a little wholesome neglect"—the management and education of children is if anything even more difficult than the management and education of men. Needing much forethought, sound judgment, great command of temper,—and, to add to all these, some humility, and a readiness to acknowledge that you have been mistaken, and will adopt another course for the future. If we may add, in conclusion, another rule, in addition to that great one of Moderation, for the government of children, and parents, we would say, Follow Nature. We know that she occasionally misleads, and therefore is not implicitly to be trusted—but still we say, Follow Nature. Nature originally was the faithful guide of man—commissioned by his Maker. And, however, she may have become capricious, and occasionally false, owing to her being wounded and disguised with all the perversities and falsehoods of her fallen charge, still she remains—under Heaven—his truest guide, and counsellor and friend. Follow Nature, therefore, at a safe distance and with discretion—for, to lose sight of her, is to go entirely astray. She may not lead you exactly in the right path, but she is always in the neighborhood of the right—for, by a law of her existence, she cannot wander far from it, and live. Follow Nature therefore—for, with all her faults, she is the only guide in very many respects that we have to follow. And she will be a better one, as we grow better.

FANNY FERN.

MR. EDITOR:—Do you not think that Fanny Fern is exhausting her peculiar vein—is she not depreciating a little? I hear that the sale of her last volume—her second series—is by no means equal to that of the first. What do you think about the matter?

CRITIC.

We think, Mr. Critic, that we shall be after you with a "sharp stick," if you call the mental powers of one of our lady contributors into question with such remarkable freedom. We have now a series of sketches engaged from Fanny's pen—and we are willing to leave to yourself and to our readers, after perusing the forthcoming articles, whether there is any exhaustion of her peculiar vein—any depreciation of her powers, be it never so little.

THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—This was on the whole an excellent exhibition—though not, we confess, quite equal to what a Pennsylvania *State* Fair should be. We think that Philadelphia, with half-a-dozen of the nearest counties, could do as well any day. At the present writing, we have not an authoritative account of the number of visitors, but it must have been immense. We suppose somewhere between one and two hundred thousands. The Society must have cleared many thousands of dollars by the operation.

We hear great complaints of the awards of prizes. It is said that not only were the prizes given often with gross unfairness—as the pecuniary interests of individual members of the committees dictated—but that many prizes which were promised were not given at all. And that nothing like the pledged $7,000 was awarded. By next week we expect to be able to make some specific statements relative to this matter—getting up thus a small *exhibition* of our own; *not a Fair*, however, but an *unfair*.

THE LOST HEIRESS.—This fascinating production of Mrs. Southworth's, whose forthcoming in book form we announced some weeks since—is now before us. It is published in beautiful style—with excellent print and paper—and adorned with a portrait of the author, and a view of her romantically situated cottage residence on the Potomac; which cottage, we are pleased to state, is her own property, bought with the products of her gifted pen.

A short concluding chapter has been added to the story by Mrs. Southworth, in revising it, as it was thought upon consideration, that the reader's curiosity as to the after fortunes of the more interesting personages of the story, was not sufficiently gratified. Published by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

INFORMATION WANTED.—One of our subscribers in Kentucky wishes to know if "the man B——— who recently ran around the New York Hippodrome, was any relation to the *fast* witness, of the same name, in the Ward trial, at Elizabethtown?" And one of our Missouri subscribers after reading the directions in the Post, of the 9th of September, for making two kinds of cement, desires to know whether, in the one the lime used should be *quick* or *slaked*, and, in the other, what should be the proportions of white lead and sand? Will some expert in these kinds of cement-making please enlighten the Missourian, through the medium of our columns?

WAUGH'S ITALIA.—It will be seen by an advertisement, in another column, that this beautiful painting will be exhibited but a short time longer in Philadelphia. It has already been visited by a large number of our citizens.

New Publications.

THE FEMALE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA; With Portraits, Biographical Notices, and Specimens of their Writings. By JOHN S. HART, L. L. D. New Edition, Thoroughly Revised. Published by E. H. Butler & Co., Phila.

Half a century ago, a woman who could write a book was looked upon in this country as one of the marvels of the world. Hannah Adams, of Boston, at that period, was one of those marvels. Her "View of All Religions," when it first appeared in New England, was, in fact, looked upon as almost the eighth wonder. But now we have over sixty women in the United States, whose fame is sufficient to justify their names being enrolled in this ponderous and magnificent volume—women, some of whose prose writings already have adorned the pages of American literature in such a manner as to leave the works of Hannah Adams entirely in the shade. Among the brilliant galaxy of literary female celebrities, are Miss Sedgwick, Miss Leslie, Mrs Gilman, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Stephens, and our contributors, Mrs. Southworth, Grace Greenwood, Fanny Fern, Mrs. Lee Hentz, and Miss Eliza Sproat. Mrs. Denison, by some oversight, which Mr. Hart doubtless will regret, is not in the volume. The biographical sketches are, most of them, exceedingly interesting, and the "selections" from the writings of the various authors are made with taste and judgment.

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE. By the Rev H. HARBAUGH. (Elegantly Illustrated.) Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"How beautiful!" will be the exclamation of many, as these leaves are turned over. The twelve illustrations are truly elegant embellishments of the volume. The Dove, the Swallow, the Sparrow, the Swan, the Ostrich, the Peacock, the Pelican, the Partridge, the Quail, the Eagle, and the Stork, are all exquisitely colored. In his sketches of the various birds, the author has made use of the poets, old and new, because "an utterance is given to them which is denied to others"—because they are the true naturalists, if not of the letter, of the spirit. He thinks that we must not be too prosy when we go forth into the fresh, green, blooming, musical, joyous world, where the birds are. Not only as they dwell and sing in the groves must the birds be viewed, but also as they live in our minds, hearts, memories, feelings, and associations. While, therefore, he has labored to make the work scientifically correct, and as to its facts strictly reliable, he has endeavored, at the same time, not so much to give descriptions of dead birds as to make a picture of living ones.

A PRACTICAL AND COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC; Containing Definitions of Terms, and Rules of Operations, with Numerous Examples; the Whole Forming a Complete Treatise for the Use of Schools and Academies. By GERARDUS BEEKMAN DOCHARTY, L. L. D. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, and Getz & Buck, Phila.

The author of this Arithmetic has had the advantage of long experience as a teacher, and is at present Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy. He offers, as an apology for the appearance of the volume, a desire to add to the already large number of excellent works, one arranged on scientific principles, and thoroughly adapted to the wants of this great commercial nation.

POEMS BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The author of these Poems is a native of Boston, where he now resides. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, he is a professor of "the healing art." He was early known in literary circles, by an admirable translation of Dante's "Inferno." His Elegy on Webster, which appears in this volume, was regarded as one of the best poems elicited by the death of the great orator and statesman. His last poem was the Prize Address recently delivered on the opening of the new Theatre in Boston.

MONTHLIES. T. B. Peterson and Getz & Buck have Putnam's Monthly, for October. It is embellished with a portrait of the Author of "Our New President," being No. 4 of "Portraits of Contributors" to the Magazine, and contains several able articles, among which is a highly interesting one on "African Proverbial Philosophy"—we judge, by Bayard Taylor.

T. B. Peterson, and Getz & Buck, have Harper's Magazine for October. Abbott's Life of Napoleon is brought down to the Battle of Waterloo. The events of that great struggle—in which one man battled against the allied sovereigns of Europe—are sketched with stirring interest.

Getz & Buck also have the Knickerbocker Magazine, for October, which is, as usual, full of good things.

IDIOCY—ITS CAUSES, &c.—The Sixth Annual Report of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth, has recently been published in Boston, from which it seems that the number of pupils now in the school is forty-two. Reading, writing, drawing, and arithmetic, it appears, have been taught to these feeble-minded ones, with a degree of success; and the change which has been brought about in many of the unfortunate children, is very great, both in habits and knowledge. From the Report of the Superintendent of the School, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, we extract the subjoined remarks in relation to the

CAUSES OF IDIOCY.

It is not the heart alone that beats responsive to the emotions and passions, but every function of the body, even to the coloring of the hair may be affected by the habitual condition of the moral nature. We may even consider health as of different qualities—as more or less gross; for instance, that a slight and graceful Apollo is in higher and more perfect health than a brawny Hercules, who could slay a bull with his fist, and digest even his hide in a dreamless sleep. In this sense, other things being equal, (which of course implies equal shortfulness,) the health of the intellectual man is higher, and more perfect than that of the fool; and the health of the intellectual man who is at the same time amiable and good, is higher and more perfect than that of the merely intellectual man.

But even supposing that such speculations are fanciful, it is in no fanciful sense that idiots are said to enjoy less than average health; for, using the words in their ordinary meaning, and speaking of health as it is usually understood, idiots, in general, enjoy but little of it. They usually come of "poor stock," and that which is deeply tainted with scrofula. They are, for the most part, the offspring of parents one or the other of whom was of feeble structure, or in an unhealthy condition either of body or mind. Many of these unfortunates are so feebly and imperfectly organized from their very conception, that they cannot resist ordinary exposure after their birth, and the feeble flame of life goes out in infancy, or flickers awhile, and is extinguished in early childhood.

Epilepsy and kindred disorders, destroy many while yet in tender years. Others, that survive awhile, are so weakened by fits, by gluttony, by self-abuse, and by unwise treatment of various kinds, especially by the use of drugs, (which are so generally and profusely administered,) that their systems cannot resist diseases which are not ordinarily fatal, and they too, die young. Comparatively few reach maturity, and far fewer still survive to old age; so that the census is but an imperfect indication of the extent of the evil. It tells, indeed, a sad tale of human degradation and wretchedness, but it does not tell the whole truth. Some men may rejoice that it does not. They may be glad to be spared part of a painful sight, from the whole of which they would fain turn their eyes, if they could. But alas! God will not let us look away with impunity. He will continue to scourge society until it becomes conscious of its sin, repents and amends. Men have been worrying themselves about their souls, and the souls of their neighbors, in utter disregard of the fact, that the character and condition of the soul, as evinced in its manifestations here below, are indissolubly connected with the character and condition of the body. It is high time to consider that much may be done toward the cure of souls, by care of bodies.

It was stated in a Report made in 1847–8, by the undersigned, as Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission for investigating the condition of idiots, that minute, personal inquiries had been made concerning the parents and immediate progenitors of three hundred and fifty-nine congenital idiots. It was found that almost all these came of very poor and feeble stock; stock such as, in animals, farmers would never breed from. It was found in every case except four, that is in three hundred and fifty-five, out of the three hundred and fifty nine cases, that the parents were closely related by blood—or that one or the other of them had a decided hereditary tendency to mental derangement—or was of a marked scrofulous habit of body—or was impaired in health by disease, or by intemperance, or by sensual excesses—so that the idiocy of the child was clearly explicable upon physiological principles.

Additional experience, gained during several years, and the examination of many new cases, corroborates this opinion. The same conclusion would be drawn by any physiologist, from *a priori* reasoning, and one would suppose that common sense must lead most persons to adopt it; nevertheless it is not so. There is the most profound ignorance, or utter indifference to these considerations. It is very seldom that the parent of an idiotic child thinks of looking within himself for the cause of his child's infirmity, or suspects that he is in any way responsible for it. Indeed, the parents are very slow to perceive the child's deficiency, and are the last to admit that it is idiotic. They see that the child, though four, five, or six years old, cannot talk, cannot learn to dress, or take care of himself, but still they fondly dwell upon some things which he can do. They themselves have learned to understand his ways and his expression of his wants, and they insist upon it that if the poor thing could only speak and express what he knows, all would be well. They do not consider that the child continues to be mute after infancy because it has not mental capacity enough to learn to speak.

Sometimes parents bring a child for examination, saying, deprecatingly, "We would not have you think he is an idiot, for he is not nor anything like it,—but somehow he is strange,—he cannot learn things, and we cannot account for it," whereas, before they have done speaking, a practised eye sees idiocy in the very appearance of the child, and sees the probable causes of idiocy in the very appearance of one or both the parents.

In other cases when the causes are not apparent at first sight, they come out upon a little questioning. The parents say that they, and even their doctor, were satisfied that everything was "right" about the child until it had "fits." They do not reflect that the fits are only symptoms of internal disorder. They get from the elephant down to the tortoise and think they have reached bottom.

A regular series of questions, framed with a view to ascertaining all the important facts of the case,—the antecedents if not the causes of the idiocy,—generally brings out one or more of the following circumstances:

That the family of one or both the parents is peculiarly scrofulous;

That one (if not both) of the parents inherits this scrofulous temperament;

That the family of one (if not of both) of the parents is peculiarly subject to some form of insanity;

That one (if not both) of the parents (or one of their immediate progenitors) had been greatly impaired in health by disease, intemperance, or sensuality; or,

That the parents were nearly related by blood.

In this matter of intermarriage of relatives, my experience with various classes of infirm children, goes to show that nature protests against it, and sometimes with terrible vehemence. Where both parties are of sound constitutions, and without marked tendency to any particular form of disease, the liability to infirmity among the *immediate* offspring is small. Where one party is of unsound constitution, the liability is greater. Where both are unsound, it is very great.

Where one party has a constitutional tendency to a particular form of disease, and the other either has no such tendency, or a tendency to some other form of disease, the diverging tendencies seem to correct each other, so that the liability is not great; but where both have the same constitutional tendency, then the danger is so great that some kind of infirmity is almost sure to appear in some of the offspring.

MEMORABLE WOMEN; The Story of Their Lives. By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND. With Eight Illustrations by Birket Foster. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is not only a most absorbing and entertaining book, but it is also a pure and wholesome one—a book for all classes and for all seasons. The memorable women whose life-stories are told, are Lady Russell, Madame D'Arblay, Mrs. Piozzi, Mary L. Ware, Mrs Hutchinson, Lady Fanshawe, Margaret Fuller, and Lady Sale. In selecting these women for her heroines, Mrs. Crosland remarks that she was not guided by the admiration so commonly felt for those brilliant characters who have been remarkable for merely intellectual qualifications and unprofitable and injudicious heroisms, but she endeavored simply to set before the young women of the present day examples of wives and mothers who have done their duty under difficulties and temptations; and if in some cases, genius has accompanied high moral endowments, we have all the more reason to be gratified by the picture of combined excellence of heart and mind.

A TENNESSEAN ABROAD; Or, Letters from Europe, Africa and Asia. By RANDAL W. MACGAVOCK, A. M., L. L. D. Published by Redfield, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

The author of this new book of travels, is a member of the Nashville Bar. In the Spring of 1851, he crossed the Atlantic, and, during an absence from home of two years, visited all the more interesting portions of the three grand divisions of the Eastern hemisphere. The letters comprising the volume, are his impressions—first and last—of the scenes and the people he encountered during his peregrinations. His style is off-hand and familiar, and he has given us a very readable book.

SYNONYMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Being the Substance of a Course of Lectures Addressed to the Theological Students, King's College, London. By RICHARD C. TRENCH, B. D. Published by Redfield, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

To divinity students this must be an invaluable work. The little volume grew out of a short course of lectures on the synonyms of the New Testament, which, in the fulfilment of his duties as Professor of Divinity at King's College, the talented author more than once addressed to the theological students there.

EVERYBODY'S PAMPHLET. "The Constitution and the Slave Laws" is the title of a pamphlet recently published by D. M. Dewey, of Rochester, N. Y. It contains the Constitution of the United States, the Fugitive Slave Act of 1793, the Missouri Compromise Act of 1820, the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and the Nebraska and Kansas Bill of 1854. These acts and bills are published without note or comment. It will therefore suit everybody, both North and South, East and West.

SPENSER AND THE FAIRY QUEEN. By JOHN S. HART, L. L. D. Published by Hayes & Zell, Philadelphia.

We have here an attempt—and quite a successful one—to reproduce, under modern [illegible] some of those [illegible] which [illegible] and entertained a former generation. The changes in the fashion of English literature and language have been so great, since the "Fairy Queen" first enchanted the literary world, as to render some of its beautiful scenes [illegible] and obscure. The finest gold will finally become dim, and the brilliancy of the [illegible] in time, lose something of its lustre; but the brightness of the gold, and the sparkle of the diamond can be restored by a little art. The aim of the author, in his essay, has been to put the reader in possession of some of the glorious and dazzling ideas with which Spenser's "Fairy Queen" abounds. These ideas are presented, in this volume, partly in the prose language of the essayist, and partly in the poetical language of the author, with the orthography modernized so far as the rhythm and rhyme of the verse would permit. The extracts are not introduced as mere isolated specimens, but are intimately mixed up with the thread of the argument, the whole being woven together into one continuous story. By these means, the legendary exploits and scenes of Fairy Land are contemplated through a medium that brings their truths home to the "business and bosoms" of the men and women of the present day.

AFRAJA; A Norwegian and Lapland Tale; or, Life and Love in Norway. Translated from the German of THEODORE MUGGE, by EDWARD JOY MORRIS. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This romance is the production of one of the most distinguished writers of fiction in Germany. A German critic says of the author and his romance: "This popular writer has again displayed his genius in a graphic and interesting narration of entirely new and attractive scenes. His romance introduces us to a region with which he is thoroughly acquainted from personal observation, but which is a rare and almost untrodden field of fiction—the remote neighborhood of the North Pole, and those icy, desert steppes, where the Laplander pursues his wandering life of privation and suffering. His life-like descriptions of the manners and customs of this curious people are drawn with such power as to awaken the keenest interest in his brilliant story." The characters, too, it may be added, are portrayed with skill and fidelity to nature.

THE BETTER LAND; Or, The Believer's Journey and Future Home. By AUGUSTUS C. THOMPSON, Pastor of the Eliot Church, Roxbury, Mass. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston, and by Sheldon, Lamport & Blake, New York; for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

This is a volume of religious essays, in which the author—in staunch orthodox style—discourses upon various subjects, among which are, The Society of Angels, Resurrection of the Body, and Perpetuity of Bliss in Heaven. In the closing chapter, the Rev. author thus admonishes the reader: "Grasp not at bubbles; chase not shadows. Let not the pitiful honors and treasures of *a world soon to be burnt up*, arrest you on the path to glory. Believe and live for eternity. We are borderers upon eternity; we live upon the marches between two worlds. The present is only the dim dawning of our being."

THE GOBLIN SNOB; Imagined and Illustrated by HENRY L. STEPHENS. Published by De Witt & Davenport, New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Here is a little trifle—(not a very small one either)—for all those who believe it is better for people to laugh than to cry. To be sure there are *times to laugh*, as well as *times to cry*; but, then, after all, it is best for every one to laugh when he can, and to cry only when he cannot help it. There are nearly fifty comic cuts in this "funny" affair, illustrative of incidents in the lives of Goblin Snob and his scapegrace son. The poetry, (for it is a poetical pictorial) is as droll as the illustrations—and that is not saying much for it.

LIFE'S LESSON; A Tale. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is an American story—of the moral and religious school—the author of which is among the unknowns. The "Lesson" should be read and mourned over by all those unfortunate male members of the great human family who are sneeringly, but very properly, called old bachelors—those good-for-nothing, useless and miserable cumberers of the ground, whose lives are not worth living, and whose deaths are scarcely worth recording.

PROGRESS AND PREJUDICE. By MRS. GORE. Published by De Witt & Davenport, New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a new novel by the author of "The Painter's Daughter," "Mothers and Daughters," &c. Mrs. Gore endeavors, through the medium of fiction, to effect essential progress by doing away with that old family pride and prejudice which have caused so much unhappiness in social life. The characters are naturally drawn, and the story is gracefully told.

THE LAST OF HIS NAME. By ELBERT PERCE. Published by Riker, Thorne & Co., New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The author of this story of home life, is the translator of those of Mrs. Carlen's Swedish novels which have recently been published in this country. The events, which are narrated in a spirited and pleasing manner, are those which might naturally occur in the history of any family, whether in Sweden or America.

☞ The Shepherd says to Christopher North, in his Noctes Ambrosianæ, with equal beauty of thought and language: "I weel believe that only the Shears o' Fate will ever cut the cords o' our friendship. I fancy it's just the same wi' you as wi' me, we maun [must] like ane anither whether we will or no—and that's the sort o' friendship for me—for it flourishes, like a mountain flower, in a' weathers." Happy those who are joined together by such a friendship!

☞ A gentleman, showing a friend his portrait, admirably done by the photographic process, "It's very well," said his friend, returning it to him, "but the fact is, I hate the style altogether." "But, why, my good sir?" "Because," replied he, "it is a foe to graphic art!"

☞ An old farmer, who feared neither God nor man, had hired a devout negro; and to get some Sunday work out of him, he would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday would put that point to the man's conscience. One morning, old Sambo proved refractory; he would "work no more on Sundays." The master then argued with him that it was "a case of necessity; that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit, on the Sabbath day, a beast that had fallen in." "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spent Saturday in *digging de pit for de very purpose!*"

☞ When a person is carrying a cotton umbrella, it is, curious enough, never his own property—he has "just borrowed it from a friend!"

☞ As they are to have a Baby Convention at Springfield, Ohio, it is well to forewarn ambitious mothers of what they will have to contend with. The St. Louis Republican has been shown a specimen three years and two months old, which weighs 135 pounds. He is too old to contest for the prize, but it shows what can be done in the Western Valley. If there are any in that region of one or two years, and of proportionate weight it will be of no use for people this way to attend the assemblage of juveniles with the view of securing a prize.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Chapin being asked of what use the elders were in a church? replied, that "it was to give power to ministers; he was a unit, the elders ciphers—placed upon my right hand, they increase my power; but my elders have got on the wrong side, and reduce me to a fraction."

☞ In describing the death and burial of a lovely child, a correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator gives this beautiful yet touching glimpse of real life: "And now there came a sadder moment than all: tottering with feeble step, the grandmother, with her weight of years, had come to offer consolation to her stricken children. With wild emotion the bereaved mother loosed her head on her parent's breast, and sobbed out her grief. With holy words the old lady comforted her, and then came and bowed her head to look into that calm, infant face. 'She looks like an angel, does she not, mother?' whispered the mourner. 'She is an angel, my child,' replied the grandmother, a solemn, lofty awe overspreading her face; 'she is wiser now there than any of us; for she has read the great mystery.'"

☞ Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more that all may be of a piece. But poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

☞ People who are anxious to "astonish the Browns" are informed that the latest style out for creating a sensation, is to get a big lithograph likeness of yourself stuck in music and bookstore windows. For making your face familiar to the public, and to be gazed at by everybody, it beats every other method out, two to one; besides, it is, as the dry goods clerks say, "very cheap and durable."

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NUMBER XXI.

A little longer sojourn among the Bush Indians of British Guiana, and we will return to civilized life. There seems about the huts, which we are now nearing, other signs of rejoicing; the women have lost, for the while, that stolidity of look that usually deadens all expression in their dull faces—they mingle light laughter with their familiar language, and sometimes clap their hands. Their little black eyes twinkle with their humor, their handsome mouths disfigured by ornaments of the coarsest character, show goodly rows of snowy teeth. As we pass, they cast their glances to the ground. And here let me say aside, that the Indian woman is always modest, and as a general thing gives attention to personal cleanliness. She seldom appears without the "kimiss," a little apron, gaily ornamented with beads—her glossy hair is neatly braided and folded, either across the temples, or over the top of the small head. A group of men, women, and children, although in size inferior to both European and African, presents a very pleasing picture. The men with their bushy locks, holding firmly the bow and arrow, or the long blow pipe, stand in easy, graceful attitudes. The little children spring lightly about, with the agility of wild forest birds, and sing and shout in their strange, soft dialect. The women, many of whom have extremely beautiful forms, carry their little infants in small hammocks, which they sling over the shoulder. Some, whose babes and sucklings have grown "too large for their hammocks," instead of their "shoes"—which superfluities they never wear, are put astride the mother's hip, and thus clinging to her body, are partly supported with one arm. But to the cause of this unwonted merriment; let us learn what it is.

Into this hut, which looks as if recently put in order, we enter reluctantly, for it seems some ceremony is in preparation.

"Is he sick?" we ask, pointing to a stalwart looking Indian swinging in his hammock, and watching the contents of a huge calabash, as it is brought before his vision filled with food.

A burst of laughter follows our interrogation; and a feeble wail attracts attention in another quarter. What is it? The queerest, tiniest, brightest-eyed Indian baby I ever saw!

How old?

"One—one sun," says the Indian woman, holding up a finger, and pointing to that benignant luminary, who condescends to smile broadly on the little copper-skin face.

"And where is his mother?"

We are directed to a slender, good-looking Indian squaw, bending over the coal pot, *cooking food for her big-boned husband*. Think of that! delicate Philadelphians, New Yorkers, and Bostonians, with your muffled door bells, your thick carpets, your double curtains, your soft-footed nurses, your marble-topped medicine stands, your whispering voices, your dark chambers, your solemn doctors, your heavy bills, and your light diets. These Indian mothers are nature's foster children. There are no delicacies here—no pastries, no rich seasonings, no corsets, no turning day into night, no squeamishness about the weather, no calling doctors for a cut finger, no close nurseries, no thick swaddling drapery, and consequently the squaw of South America, with a more delicate organization than the most of English or American females, suffers no diminution of strength from the severest sickness. And yet—and yet—who would wish, in all respects, to change places? Give us our own customs, with some modification in the matter of pampering, thin shoes, and coddling for imaginary diseases with quack medicines—and we ask no more.

This, then, is the custom of the Arawaks—the ancient Indian etiquette. The father, on the birth of a child, remains for several days at home in his hammock, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and sometimes, as in the present scene, the mother of the new-born infant cooks his food for him.

I cannot help thinking that this lazy fellow, and the fiddler before mentioned, are brothers, or, at any rate, of some relation.

We are still on the route of investigation, and circumstances certainly transpire for our benefit as if perfectly aware that we were coming, and had taken particular pains to be up and doing on our arrival.

A volley of guns startlingly near, rouses even the "father man" from his hammock, and scatters the nurses. The young mother snatches up her baby, scarcely old enough to be other than good-natured, and going to the front of her look-out, stretches her neck to see. We of course follow the multitude. Witchy Witch meanwhile shrugging his shoulders and making horrible faces.

'Tis a singular kind of dance—there they hop, in and out, giving each other most uncomfortable switches on the legs with sharp leather thongs. Why is it? What is it? A funeral! Here lies the body in a large pine box—the body of a woman who has recently died—and here go dancing these fiendish looking savages, blood streaming from their legs to the ground, and yet, though they must suffer intolerably with the pain, giving no indication by their grim smiles or stolid faces. One would think a funeral among these people must be a consummation *not* devoutly to be wished.

The *Accaway* tribe bury their dead in the hammocks in which they die, burn the hut, leaving the ashes smouldering over the remains. They then leave the place, never again to return. It is said they believe the soul still hovers over the spot of interment, and will visit whoever disturbs it with disease.

When a great man dies among the *Arrawaks*, his nearest relatives plant a large field of cassava, and with much moaning and lamentation, bewail the deceased. The cassava ripens in twelve months, and then the friends and relations are once again gathered together—treated with a feast of game—and with the cassava they make a merry time of it for several days. A dance is then performed near the grave, in which lashes, thongs, blood, and howls, play each an important part—and frequently the revellers are so lacerated, that they keep their hammocks for several days. The whips are hung wherever the person died, and, after six months, are buried in the grave with him—it is supposed, that should resentment have existed in his lifetime, it is forgotten at this ceremony.

The *Carabeese* put their dead into a hammock, and if it be a person of consequence, watch it with the greatest solicitude. It is often washed with water by the women, and they must be the nearest female relations; thus they keep it till the skeleton only remains—then carefully cleanse the bones, put them into an Indian basket, and almost sacredly preserve them.

The outlines of the above I have taken from a work by the Rev. J. H. Bernau, who wrote a book entitled "Missionary Labors in British Guiana—about the year 1837." I will now make a few extracts in his own words.

"If the Carabees should happen to quit the place, the bones are burnt in the very place where the person expired, and the ashes carefully collected and taken with them.

"In ordinary cases, however, the body is interred in the hammock in which the person died; and the attendants at his funeral walk round his grave once or twice, and concern themselves no further about it. The women who had been engaged in scraping and burning the bones of the dead, are considered unclean for several months after, and not allowed to touch any of the food eaten by the men.

"Among the *Warraws* the following (interesting) customs prevail. If a captain, or any other individual of influence, dies, the corpse is put into a canoe, and all that he possessed when alive. On his heart is placed a looking glass, and into his hands, his bow and arrows. His favorite dog is killed, and its carcase put with him into the grave, but not in the canoe, to assist him in procuring his food in the untried world. The corpse is always buried on the same spot where the person expired, and a fire kept burning there for many weeks. I could never learn the reason of this latter custom, but suppose that the Indians imagine that the body is conscious of the chill of death, and requires warmth till accustomed to it. The relations and friends bewail the deceased with howling and doleful lamentations for several months together. His widow and children become the property of his brother, or the next male relation. This latter circumstance creates a great deal of strife, and is the occasion of many sorrows. Should, for instance, the widow refuse to become his wife, she is subjected to severe floggings and frequent insults; but if these fail to soften her, she is then allowed to choose whom she pleases. Her children, however, must remain, and are not allowed to be at large till they arrive at the age of puberty.

"The Macusis, and all the rest of the tribes in the interior of British Guiana, bury their dead in almost a sitting posture, without coffins, performing the same ceremonies related above, with some slight modifications."

All these tribes are superstitious—believing in spirits hovering over them—tell strange stories of haunted burial places, and have firm faith—as who ever saw an Indian that had not!—in the immortality of the soul.

Clippings.

[illegible]

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854.

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

On account of the high price of paper, the New York Sun has been reduced in size. The Philadelphia Sun and the Baltimore Sun are now the two largest penny papers in the country.

At Meredith Bridge, N. H., potatoes have fallen from one dollar to two shillings per bushel.

Mr. James Campbell, of Tarentum, Mass., has a cousin who nine days ago had four babies born, which circumstance is the result of but one intercourse; and has from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars.

M. de Lamartine has just sold sixty acres of Tucker, in 62 volumes, to the proprietor of a Paris daily newspaper, for £4,000.

In Boston, on Saturday week, four foreign papers were directed by a magistrate to be returned to Canada. Nobody knew what country they were transported hither. In a few days they will be sent from Boston for Liverpool.

The $1 hotels in New York have reduced their prices for meals to 75 cts. per day, and the $2 to $1 50 houses to $2 00.

In consequence of the prevalence of the yellow fever at Charleston, it has been voted impossible to collect the state and municipal taxes, and the office is consequently, for the present, closed. One of the chief tax collectors has since employed recently fell victim of the epidemic.

Davidson-King, the late Surveyor General of California, is charged with having defrauded the Government in the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars.

While extra good workmen in California are earning from three to six dollars a day, the San Francisco papers tell us that the supply of labor generally is far in advance of the demand. The highest wages are paid to jewellers, seamen, workers in metals, joiners, &c.

Among the many uses to which coal can not be applied, is that of making paper. A paper manufactory has just been established at Fonthill, in Prussia.

The Albany Express states that a young girl from the adjacent county of Greene, fell down a board hill one-third. The friends were poor, having expended all their means in procuring medical aid for the deceased. When they went to remove the body, they were told that they could not have the corpse until $100 was paid.

We are informed by a gentleman from the Tobacco Plains, says the San Diego Herald, that there are three backwoodsmen living there, who have killed 150 grizzly bears since last December.

The nationals and son of Tom O'Shanter, the hero of Burns's poem was on the nuance recently, for the fifty fifth annual time. Tam O'Shanter, we believe, proved himself as good a wheel-wright as he was a horseman; and Kirkintilloch, is probably the oldest man on the Canal-side in Scotland.

The Rev. Dr. Ernest Grunnis of Washington, D. C., on the last Sunday of his life, had been admitted into the new hospital, the bases of which is twenty feet below the level of the ground.

A northern rail took place in Cincinnati on the evening of the 16th ult. An excursion train having attempted to organize a Sabbath School on a road between Cadiz and Cincinnati, was arrested for the purpose, and threatened death in case of resistance to their unchristian work. Three persons were wounded by pistol shot.

The corner stone of pious pilgrim's progress of Juggernaut was so great this year, that a local tenant secured, and exhibited, what were to be seen lying in the roads dying of starvation.

The tusks of a mastodon or mammoth, of enormous size, were found recently in Perry County, Ohio, and upon examination, the skeleton of the animal was discovered entire. As far as information has extended, the bones were found partially petrified, which proves the extinction of the entire species in a more perfect state than are yet found.

Upwards of four hundred vessels on the Atlantic coast, chiefly coal vessels, were driven from the Somerset House, on Mount Washington, by the White Mountain gale on the 18th, and the best view since the house was erected, was enjoyed.

A soluble glass has been applied to the woodwork and masonry in the Bethlehem Asylum, for the purpose of preserving, and, as far as possible, rendering them incombustible. The result is, in fact, a solution of iron silica in caustic alkali; and it has been found to answer perfectly. There can be no doubt of the value of the application.

The Rev. Horatio Potter, of Albany, has been elected Protestant Bishop of Pennsylvania, in the place of the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Wainwright; by the Vote of 71 Presbyters against 69 Laymen. Dr. Potter is a brother of the Bishop of Pennsylvania.

The New York Tribune's correspondent at St. Thomas, reports that a Spanish vessel was there to the effect that Mr. Pierce's dismissing letter to the Dominican Republic of Mr. Mrs. Cannon, have succeeded in their mission, so far at least as to restore the old Spanish rule to a United States naval station.

It would appear, by the latest correspondence of the New York Tribune, that the U. S. Chargé Dé Affaires to Spain, is still at the Spanish house at the Hague. The various Rothschilds are accepting a share of the new loan which the they reside, and accordingly it would be Treason for our specific to withdraw from the loan, though considered a profitable investment in this country.

In the event of the commencement of the Ohio State Fair has been postponed until the 17th of October—in consequence of the prevalence of cholera at Newark.

The population of Memphis, Tenn., according to a local census just taken, is 12,500 persons, being an increase of twenty-five hundred since the U. S. census of 1850 was taken. This, however, is not considered correct by the local paper, for it appears that the city and suburbs have a resident population of 15,000, and the population is one of the most flourishing towns on the Lower Mississippi.

In the letter read to Mr. Brosnan, conferring the appointment of Chief Clerk to the Insurance Convention, defining his position with regard to temperance, is that of assisting in the reformation but the power to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks, and to punish those who attempted to enforce measures.

The Boston Herald of the News Letter, a report has been the following letter from Mr. Webster, in reply to a letter from Mr. Webster, in which he begged to be relieved from the duties of Secretary of State. The letter is dated from Mr. Webster's residence, Marshfield, on Wednesday following, Mr. W. came to Washington, and found his kit gone. Then where he had been watching with true faithfulness for more than fifty years, and he was obliged to draw the dog from the buggy, but their offering were in the way. So left it in the road at 12 years to 84 says Mr. Wood. Myron H. Clark, Governor.

A negro murder if I forgave, near Selma, Alabama, aged 105 years, was lately murdered in his own house by a white man, who, after the deed, was lost by himself, at the scene of Read Sock's church, and he lost the silver one. Both together, until he lost the silver one. Both were found dead.

Frederick William Joseph Shelling, one of the most famous philosophers of Germany, died in the 90th or during the United States, and his life, at Berlin, in the 79th year of his age.

A gentleman of Boston says that two hogsheads of molasses of the 1854 crop, after being a process by which they will be cooked to manufacture popular sugar, and the other sold wood. They have already made her more than three times its stock, although it has been two years, since they manufactured from process.

The first sheep introduced into any part of the present territory of the United States was brought from Mexico to Jamestown, in Virginia, by Sir Thomas Gates, in the year 1609. In 1640, the number of sheep in that colony had increased to 15,000 thousand.

Emigrants from Texas Arkansas, and other States, are arriving in great numbers in Kansas Valley, (the territory recently purchased by the United States,) and are taking up claims to obtain the best locations, and to make settlements.

How some lazy young men make a large show on small salaries, is easily explained by saying of "smacks," from a New York paper: An old established merchant in this city recently found himself seriously embarrassed in his finances, and his son was obliged to withdraw from attendance to the creditors. Upon an examination of the business accounts, it was found out that the clerk, who had devoted considerable time to study and reading during business hours, and finally sailed for Europe on a pleasure trip, had been systematically robbing his employer of him. Among other contrivances for living his style of expenditure, he had been accustomed to get to set apart a considerable amount as the share of wages and profits of the firm, which he paid the employe of that concern for a year past, and pocketing the same as he went by.

A statement of the profits of Ile Haudeng guishing Company, published in Boston, says per cent. on the capital subscribed in shares. This is a part of the fund to be divided, and the several communities that can be given upon the first assessment of $100 per share, holds forty per cent. profit after paying all expenses.

A few days ago, says the Niagara Mail, an enormous rock was discovered on the Canada side of Middle Island, Niagara. This rock lies about one hundred yards above Goat Island, and is of such almost as a man's leg. After carefully examining it, it turned out to be an Indian, and carefully rolled up. It turned out to be an Indian, and carefully rolled up. It turned out to be an Indian, and carefully rolled up. It

Selected Poetry.

Pictures of Life.

A SUBALTERN'S VIEW OF WAR.

BY ONE WHO HELPED DO THE TRENCHES AT THE SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ.

[The following simple sketch of an old soldier's feelings and sufferings, and experiences while engaged in the trenches preparatory to the bombardment of Vera Cruz, is the late war correspondence of the London Times, excepting to be written by the "Old Campaigner," who is now earning a living, it seems, by chopping wood. He says he does not expect his "description to pass for a great thing," and most of his literary merits he owns he thinks nothing great in that way ought to be expected "of an old wood-chopper and carter," he says, "it is the simple and true statement of the old fellow's feelings and thoughts at the moments when life and limb were at stake." The old man evidently has some poetic fire in his soul as well as a vein of humor. So we let him tell his story in his own way. He style betrays a foreign education, and he speaks of having seen service in Europe in his young days.—*United States Magazine.*]

"I have a sister and lonelie is in the camp;" there is something going on. Hear me!" replied the old soldier. "I have a sister in America; most likely some horses are loose, or the wounded dragoons, who return from fishing, are not riding in like fly'ers, and I am the first to run from the foreman's horse's tail. Never mind; I'll tell you what it is, my dear!" added the lanky little piece, covered and surrounded by rines and shrubs with the pest. "I could tell stories I never saw. Had I remained in the tent, to amuse my mates and cashiers, ornately sergeant would have called me out to do some work. How many days have you been here in the camp?—almost all languages—I hear—French, and English—and it's not over it yet! Indeed, Wallenstein's camp could not have been composed of more various nations. Yonder comes one. I hope nobody will steal my hats; I have washed them, and long they are not worn. Hark! they are firing! Hallos! they are throwing bombs from the Castle Ulloa to our fellows, who are working in the trenches. Look! there is one now falling. Hear the shrieks of a comet with a tail. Bang, there, she bursts, and leaves a little cloud of smoke in the air. At the sea-beat is the same noise as in our camp; sailors and soldiers are at least by the big cannon on the shore. Well a little, Mr. Sailor, we soon return the compliment. Oh, look at that jumping rabbit! Stop, stop-bird! there is another one! How they stand upright in the air, and dip their long tails in the beach to catch the fishes! what strength and swiftness they must have in their little wings!—no fishing-hawks compare them in sight! There comes another red-feathered gentleman, and whistles its tune: it is Mr. Cardinal. The day must be long to make at me an intruder. She must have her nest here about, and see! a third of the men have left their fears to her husband. Poor little bird! don't be afraid—I shall not disturb your pretty nest—I have other things to do than to look after birds' eggs. I shall kill Mexicans, whenever they come near me, and I am not here for that purpose, at eight dollars a month, to fight. Uncle Sam's battles, and to help him to enlarge his slaved rights and claims against Mexico.

"Ha! What an awful thing! Here we are collected, almost from all nations, to destroy treasure like, and to batter down a city, where the inhabitants like to enjoy their peaceful occupations. All this is caused through nations, ambition and selfishness, and through the intrigues and instigation of some national leaders. They want to rise, in their political career, upon the misery of their beings. And we—we help—help them, for a few dollars, to carry out their schemes, and think and wonder what for once we are in that bloody drama, by sacrificing our bodies and souls. People say, the soldiers speak of God, of man, but don't think so; and here, we fellows here have no claim to it. Animals, with their instincts, guess themselves better than we do, with all our boasted cunning, rare, vague reason and religious principle—and that's right in principle. And only few quarrels are seen settled. I wish I could begin with some of the hovering birds, and quit soldiership.

"I hear the bugle; what does that mean? Ah, the band is ended by the tattoo beat for the Colonel's tent. I am glad I am here; now I can guess without interruption. What a fine band it is! I heard the same many times when I was in the Prussian army, thirty years ago.—Oh, those happy days! Youth, strength, passion, the world before me, and everything look-ed bright! I had all like that in my heart, and—it was not gay enough—too earnest and grave—meaning more for death than for life; but now it is approaching, and I am ready. All changes and dark clouds have passed through my life! All my hopes of this world are to be in the grave, and I soon shall follow. So quiet, poor heart! I am a quivering automa-ic, and shall stop, when the blood, the life-juice, and the tempest leave. That doesn't cost my self-love in the left of the breast. I can't get it done. At every inspection of arms, the cap-tain and orderly sergeant are swearing and cursing about me. What do I care? I have them from my eyes on the spot. Oh, how bright the hill gets now! I scarcely perceive the city's spot. Yes, tears have sometimes the power to wash off many spots in this life. Had some of the fathers of the many wars they answered for would have laughed at me, and taken it for weakness and cowardice. But I am not one of those men who believe are shielding stained honor with the blood of another. I will not be the man; I neither of the murderer of the heart, the mercilessness of the poor and beggar days, done a long time ago, says—"Fair be-fall in!" *Now*, I must be off, otherwise I shall be too late.

"When I entered into the camp, every one was running to fall in his proper place of the company, and I was *badly* enough not to be the last. After the commanding officer had called the roll, and no name were missing, and orderly sergeant called the names of some to [illegible] and [illegible] forward, when my name was called and ran into the ranks of honors. We were now strewn, and had to march in the dark, for we did not know where to go. In the dark, dear to me day time, I was glad to be in the night, for my eyes were weak, and I was afraid of the sun. Having slept, lie on the ground in the open air, with neither tent and twenty cartridges, but without coffee and refreshment, I was very much tired, and felt cold, and had to say until the night should be over. Then we were ordered to march, and to remember the next day. At the appointed hour we assembled before the Adjutant's door, and had to march to the trenches, which were about two hundred and sixty feet. One hundred and sixty men were ordered along in the same direction, and we started off to the trenches. It was dark, like pitch, and we had about three miles to the end of the march. We passed open grounds at a distance from the Castle Ulloa, and could see in the dark how the troops were marching, and how they ploughed up the ground, and also the holes which the bombs had digged. But if was so dark that from the Castle there could not shoot at us. Coming to the first ditch, the men were halting, and were passing along in the same direction from one to another one, where a powder-magazine was to be erected. Artillerymen were busy in a ditch around like ants, and began to throw the earth up the top; we worked by night, and by day, during which the soldiers were resting. The Mexicans had not fired a shot, but we could see round us how the batteries and bombs had outlined the end of the ground, the day previous. Upon the first in the city opposite the Castle were observed. Were they ammunition and other stores? They were applying to it with their glasses, to find out the operations, we were watching. At ease we were allowed to, and resumed quite a connection. The ball-winds, and the cannon-shot are about ten feet, and about ten yards behind us, carries trees, letters, &c., with a tremendous vehemence in the air. Those on the top of the magazine-ditch, and the other men, got over countenances were visibles. None of us had the slightest idea, that we were outlined to lay-saying, "There was no danger, as they were shooting too high." Our young lieutenant had, with a great interest and admiration, the fire-works of the Mexicans, and was very much pleased, when any shells lobbed a little. I was just throwing dirt on the top, when a second bomb came over, the lieutenant behind me ordered me to give my spade to another man. In this way the officers had kept up their spirits, and made the men to accomplish their work. After the powder-magazine was finished, we had to march about two hundred yards long, towards the first parallel, which was about eight hundred yards from the first mark of the city. We were halting in the same, by file of two, and came, about twenty yards from the parallel, to another place which in like manner, in remained by us, and our duties was to be erected. During our watch in the night, they had about four hundred men in the trenches were doing pretty close on both sides; and if one half happened to hit the ditch, it would have killed and wounded many men. The Fifth ditch was all the time full of soldiers, and I had to remain with another man in front of the lines' cannon. In laying out that ditch, I thought there was some mistake. I would have constructed there more in shape of a lesser moon, and no ball could have then touched anybody. However, all passed off tolerably well, we got to the second powder-magazine ambush. A pair of us were now ordered to work, and the others had to rest. I now got my turn, and had to climb up the ditch: no officer of the engineers was present, and pointed out to me how and a spade was handed to me to throw up the earth. How we were quite exposed to the fire from the city, I let the best be judged by the reader. Every moment a ball could have taken me, and we ball could have taken touched us. However, all passed off tolerably well, we got to the second powder-magazine ambush. A pair of us were now ordered to work, and the others had to rest. I now got my turn, and had to climb up the ditch: no officer of the engineers was present, and pointed out to me how and a spade was handed to me to throw up the earth. How we were quite exposed to the fire from the city, I let the best be judged by the reader. Every moment a ball could have taken me, and we could have